

THE MOON PRINCE
AND
OTHER NABOBS

R. B. Munkittrich



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The bear proceeded to walk across the pond.

THE MOON PRINCE

AND

OTHER NABOBS

BY

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK

AUTHOR OF "FARMING"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



NEW YORK

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TO
MALCOLM TURNER MUNKITTRICK
MY ONLY SON

Dear Sir,—I thank you for granting me permission to dedicate this little book to you, which I now do as a slight but most sincere testimonial of my admiration and respect. I trust that this well-meant act of mine may not disturb the serenity of our relations, but that they may continue to be as pleasant in the future as during that portion of the past which is covered by the six years that have elapsed since the date of your conquest of and triumphal entry into the State of New Jersey. I have the honor to remain now as always your dutiful parent and obedient slave,

R. K. MUNKITTRICK

Mud Knob, Summit, N. J.
October 1, 1892

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THE MOON PRINCE



I

“**M**Y!” exclaimed little Johnny, “but I’d like to become acquainted with a real fairy. I have read so much about them in books that I feel they must be very pleasant people. Oh, if I could only be the playmate of a fairy Prince, I—”

“I am a fairy Prince,” came suddenly from a thicket near by.

“You? And who are you, pray?” asked Johnny, looking in vain for the speaker.

“As I just remarked, I am a fairy Prince.”

And then a pretty little squirrel hopped out on the fence, and laughed like a fairy, until Johnny was frightened.

“You must not be afraid of me,” said the little fairy

Prince, assuringly, "for I am only a temporary squirrel, and I long for a congenial playmate who is not a fairy."

"But how long are you going to be a squirrel?" asked Johnny.

"Until to-morrow at 8.13 P.M.," replied the Prince, who broke forth with,

"I'm weary of the butternut,
The walnut and pecan;
The chestnut and the cocoa-nut
Unman this little man.
The hickory, the hazel-nut,
The nut from far Brazil—
Though Autumn's for the squirrel nuts,
I shun them with a will!"

"Why, how in the world did you come to be a squirrel, anyhow?" asked Johnny.

"In this way: when my sister Roseflake was sixteen, my father, the King, decided to give her a party—one that should never be forgotten in all his great domain. It would be impossible for me to give you a description of it, because it was simply dazzling and ravishing in all the details of its loveliness and grandeur. All the fairy Princes from neighboring countries were there, each one ambitious to win the heart of Roseflake. There were animals made of candy, life-size, and the cakes and jellies were simply poems. Such a feast was never seen before. And Roseflake was so lovely that her very presence filled the air with melody. Her step was as light as the blossom in the wind, and when she danced her feet filled the palace with a symphony that was felt though not heard.

"At the feast the Prince who got the piece of cake containing the Brazil-nut was to have the hand of Roseflake. The other nuts were represented in great

variety, but there was only one Brazil-nut. Just before the party I picked all the nuts out of the cake and ate them, believing that when their loss was discovered it would result in the King's giving another grand party.



"AND WHO ARE YOU, PRAY?"

that is why you now observe Prince Flowerbell in the form of a squirrel."

"You say you were sent to the earth," said Johnny. "Now, where did you come from?"

"From the moon."

"Oh, how I should like to go back with you for about a week! How soon shall you return?"

"I shall return to-morrow, for at that time the period of my squirrel servitude, if I may so term it, will have expired. I return to-morrow night as soon as the moon appears, so come along."

The Squirrel capered along the fence, and Johnny ran down the road, until the former jumped into a field beside a great pumpkin.

"Jump in," exclaimed the Prince, politely.

"Jump in where?" asked Johnny.

"In there," said the Prince, tapping the pumpkin. "That is Cinderella's coach."

As soon as he touched it, it turned into a beautiful little coach, with two small horses before it, and a coachman on the box. Johnny suddenly found himself reduced in height to a few inches, sitting beside the Prince, and away they whirled down into a deep green wood, where they could not be observed.

As soon as the coach stopped, and Johnny attempted to step out, he found himself in a luxurious golden chamber, for the coach had been turned back into a pumpkin, and they were inside of it for the night.

As soon as the horses had crouched like sleeping camels, they turned into luxurious divans; and the coachman was transformed into a tall lamp that shed the softest rays of moonlight all around, his face becoming incandescent like the moon.

As this chastened light filled the chamber, Johnny was enchanted, for to him it seemed a magic pagoda; all the filmy tapestries of the pumpkin looked like flakes of yellow roses woven together loosely with finest silk, while the seeds glistened like jewels in its tawny folds.

"The beauty of this incandescent coachman," said

the Squirrel, "is that it is not necessary to have a lamp on the carriage."

All this seemed very strange and novel to Johnny, who fancied that the coachman had a crank by which he could be turned on and off like a gas-jet. And then it seemed so queer to him to be only a few inches high. Even his clothing had been reduced to fit his anatomy, and his boxwood top was only the size of a small acorn. In his bewilderment he knew not what to say, but finally remarked,

"I suppose that as the moon is only a ball of living light at night, there is no school, eh?"

"Oh yes," replied the Squirrel; "but only night school. We sleep when your world is light, for then ours is pale and dim; and when you are sleeping in this world we are at school in ours."

"It must be a great place for the study of astronomy," said Johnny. "I suppose you know all about Cassiopeia's Chair and the Great Bear at your school?"

"I don't know anything about them," replied the Squirrel. "For, being a Prince, I don't have to study. A poor old laboring fairy's son has to do all my studying for me, and whatever he learns I know for a day or two, and he immediately forgets. Several of my brothers and sisters have been educated through this poor fairy, who knows nothing. Whenever I am whipped this poor fairy feels the pain. I catch it on the back, and the poor fairy jumps a yard in the air.



THE INCANDESCENT
COACHMAN.

"One day the teacher came to me, and said he was going to give me twelve blows for turning the stove into a dancing bear, and destroying the dignity of the institution; but seeing that the poor fairy was sick, and not in condition to withstand the shock, I turned the teacher into a plum-tree, with twelve glowing plums on it. The twelve plums were much more acceptable than the twelve blows, I can assure you. And when the plums were eaten I turned all the teacher's books into hornets' nests, and turned the plum-tree back into the teacher. In fumbling about for the missing books he disturbed one of the hornets' nests, and out popped the hornets, but before they could sting him I turned them all into wild flowers, which fluttered into his glass of water, and filled the air with delightful fragrance. He appreciated the kindness with which I tempered my power, and never again took advantage of his own to deal me a blow that would make the poor fairy dance with pain."

"It must indeed be a queer place, this Moonland from which you were sent to assume the form of a squirrel."

"It is not half so queer a world as this one in which we now are. Why, if a wild animal chases you here you have to be caught and killed! Just think of a person not being able to assume the form of a bird at such a time, and escape!"

Here the Squirrel laughed so hard at the absurdity of such a situation that one of the couches woke up; that is, it gradually reassumed its natural horse form, and capered three or four times around the pumpkin, as around a circus ring, with Johnny and the Squirrel upon his back. Then the other couch began to kick and prance, perhaps from sympathy, and it was very curious to see it gradually assume its equine shape.

First the pillow end turned into a head, and began to neigh impatiently for the rest to hurry into the shape of the popular quadruped. Then the casters turned into shoes, and the whole thing stretched and was suddenly a horse.

"Do they ever come to in this way in the night and start off on a gallop with their occupants?"



"CAPERED THREE OR FOUR TIMES AROUND THE PUMPKIN."

"Nev-er, nev-er, my fri-end, for-when-one-is-a-sleep-on-them-their-slum-ber-can-not-be-bro-ken," replied the Squirrel, the jolting motion of the horse chopping his words into syllables.

Suddenly they were both dashed to the ground, but were not in the least hurt.

"What does this mean?" asked Johnny, after he had regained his feet and breath.

"It means," replied the Squirrel, "that their motion has been stopped by their suddenly returning to the couch state."

And, sure enough, there were the two horses in the shape of two of the most inviting couches one could wish to see.

"They are happiest when they are couches," remarked the Squirrel. "Sometimes when we are out driving they try to turn into couches in the middle of the road. Have some chestnuts?"

"No, thanks," replied Johnny; "I had a hearty meal before I met you."

"Then excuse me while I eat some."

The Squirrel began eating and singing:

RESOLVES.

"I have been a gray squirrel ever since
I rifled that cake in the moon,
But I'll be a very frolicsome Prince
Of my father's realm full soon.
And if a great cake in many cuts
They ever again shall make,
Oh, never again I'll touch the nuts,
Alone and complete I'll leave the nuts,
If I eat the rest of the cake.

"I'm a penitent squirrel spry and gray
When I sit on the mossy rail,
And chatter the weary time away
In the shade of my silver tail.
In spite of the various 'ifs' and 'buts'
Put in for argument's sake,
If a great big cake they make of nuts,
I'll fly for my life from the tempting nuts,
If I eat the rest of the cake."

"Do you make that sort of thing up as you go along?" asked Johnny.

“Certainly. It is quite easy when so irregular and sing-songy,” replied the Squirrel, “when you once become accustomed to it. Here is my first production, a counting-out verse to decide who shall be ‘it’ in any game :

“Cider, vinegar, nut-brown ale,
Seventeen monkeys in a pail ;
Fourteen were blown way out to sea,
Which left, as a matter of fact, but three.”

“When do you think you’ll start for the moon?” asked Johnny, without commenting upon the verse.

“To-morrow night at 8.13.”

“Well, you must look out that you are not captured to-morrow and put in a cage, to spend the rest of your life running around in a wire wheel for exercise.”

The Squirrel did not relish this possibility much, and promised to remain in the pumpkin until time to start.

“But suppose the pumpkin should be taken by some one and made into a pie with us in it?”

“We are pretty safe,” replied the Squirrel, “because we are in a deep wood that no one ventures into, and besides I could turn the pumpkin into a carriage and drive away if I should hear any one coming ; and you know my squirrel sense of hearing is very keen. I can tell you another thing, and that is that it will be simply nuts for me when I am unsquirreled and restored to my fairy princesship. Just look at that green-eyed owl peeping in through the oriel of the coach. Did you ever hear a story called the ‘Owl and the Veterinary Surgeon’?”

“No, I never did,” replied Johnny. “Will you tell me the story?”

"I don't know it."

"But you just asked me if I ever heard it," replied Johnny. "Now, if you never heard of even the existence of such a story, why did you ask me if I ever heard the story itself?"

"Because I thought if you had ever heard it, you would not object to telling it to me."

"Of course I should not object to telling it to you if I knew it," replied Johnny.

"Well, that's all I want to know. What's the use of getting angry over it?"

"I am not angry; I am in a good-humor."

"Who said you were angry?" asked the Squirrel.

"You did," replied Johnny.

"No, I did not; I said, 'getting angry.' If you are in a good-humor now, how do you feel when you're angry?"

"I don't know; but what has that to do with the 'Owl and the Veterinary Surgeon'?"

"Nothing!" said the Squirrel.

"Who said it had?" asked Johnny.

"You intimidated as much," replied the Squirrel.

"What if I did?"

"Nothing," replied the Squirrel.

"Then we had better change the subject."

"All right," responded the Squirrel; "we will change it. Suppose we retire to dream-land, and prepare for our approaching trip to the moon?"

"A good idea," replied Johnny.

And then the Squirrel sang:

"At 8.13 to-morrow night

From the home of the wild raccoon,

We'll drift away in the soft moonlight

To my home in the silver moon!"

Then he hit the coachman's hat and drove it down over his luminous face, and the pumpkin was darkened for the night. And very shortly after Johnny and Prince Flowerbell were wandering in sunny meadows that seemed steeped in benisons of flowerful balm, through which the myriad dronings of insects floated like a soothing symphony, until all was a pensive bower of soft empurpled sleep.

II

THE Squirrel was as fast asleep as a squirrel can be when the first faint ray of dawn appeared through the oriel of the pumpkin. But at this early hour Johnny was wide awake, wondering if he was not in reality living in a sleeping dream. He could remember many dreams that were not half so wonderful as this experience. When he had read of fairies he never expected to meet one; and when the nurse had told him him the fascinating story of Cinderella, little did he imagine that he would ever be driven about in her dainty vehicle, and sleep in the magic pumpkin from which it was made.

But he was at a loss to know what had become of the other horses that belonged to Cinderella's carriage, and to account for the absence of the footmen. So when the Squirrel awoke and stretched himself Johnny asked,

"How is it that you have but two horses and no footmen?"

"When I was doomed to visit the earth, and be a squirrel, and live on nuts, I was not sent away to enjoy myself, and my outfit was made as small as possible. I suppose the horses are gambolling over their beautiful moon meadows, regaling their inner horses with the night-blooming cereus (our national flower), and the footmen are being used for various purposes."

"For various purposes?" asked Johnny. "Why, to what other uses can you put a footman?"

"To a great many," observed the Squirrel. "You know my father can turn one thing into another in a jiffy, and frequently does it to save time. For instance,



THE SQUIRREL RECITES A REMINISCENT POEM.

if he wants to sharpen a pencil, and his knife is upstairs, he calls the nearest servant, turns him into a knife, and proceeds with the pencil-sharpening. One day, upon observing a pen-holder in an out-of-the-way place, he remembered that the same was a servant that had been missing six months, and as soon as he was brought out of his pen-holder state he was as happy as the King himself. Would you like me to recite you a little reminiscent poem called 'My Father and the Clown'?"

"I should like to hear it very much," said Johnny.

Then the Squirrel sat upon his hinder legs, that he might make gestures with his paws, and began :

MY FATHER AND THE CLOWN.

"My father once sat by his bright blazing grate,
Much in need of a raking down ;
The poker was missing, I'm sorry to state,
So he seized on the palace clown.

"And he turned him right into a poker slim,
And among all the coals red-hot,
With a petulant movement he rattled him
Until perfectly white he got.

"He was whiter with heat than the drifted snow
When my father the raking stopped;
At a word, from the poker more than aglow,
The buffoon in a jiffy popped.

"Then he said, as he jumped with the burning pain,
By a fine sense of fun controlled,
'When I'm used for a red-hot poker again,
Unpoker me not till I'm cold.'"

"That was very funny," said Johnny, clapping his hands with keen delight, "but I feel very sorry for the poor clown. But how did your father treat the clown for the liberty he took in addressing him in such a familiar manner?"

"I think he gave him a snuffbox, or something of the kind. You know my father is so fond of a joke that after you have regaled him with a good one you can do almost anything you please with him."

"He must be a very nice father. Do you suppose if I got off a good joke in his presence that he would stand against the wall and let me throw a ball at him?"

"In all probability he would; but if the joke should happen to be lacking in merit, or of ancient origin, he would probably stand you against the wall to be the target. Upon one occasion a person wanted some favor from my father, upon whom he vented an obsolete joke which he fancied the King had never heard."

"What did your father do?" asked Johnny.

"What did he do?" repeated the Squirrel—"what did he do? Why, before that man was aware of his

blunder he was a pair of nut-crackers. But he was made to retain his sense of feeling. I have often tried to picture to myself that man's sensations when the nut-cracker came together on a shagbark hickory or a common walnut. When he was transformed into his normal shape he hobbled around on crutches for a month, and appeared like one afflicted with incurable rheumatism. He was so sore that he never after perpetrated a joke or laughed at one, although my father gave him a kindly lecture and a bottle of liniment when he ceased to be a pair of nut-crackers."

"I wish it was a little lighter," said Johnny, irrelevantly. "Don't you think it a little dark yet?"

The Squirrel replied by knocking off the coachman's hat, which caused the face of that dignitary to cast forth its soft pearly beams and illuminate the pumpkin like a ball-room. Then Johnny began to make inquiries relative to breakfast.

"We don't have to eat, because we never become hungry in this pumpkin or in the coach. Whenever I am outside eating nuts, and the nuts do not satisfy my appetite, I fly back to the coach and feel as though I have just had a hearty meal."



"UNPOKER ME NOT TILL I'M COLD."

"Come to think of it," said Johnny, "I have a feeling of repletion just now myself. I feel as though a nice big plate of golden cakes and maple syrup would not tempt me at all. Besides, I imagine that since I have been reduced in size my capacity for eating has diminished proportionately"

"No doubt it has, Johnny," replied the Squirrel; "but I wish you would use ordinary language in addressing me. Don't talk so much like a school-teacher."

"I will try not to," said Johnny.

"All right; try your best, and if you succeed I shall be very happy to take you to the Molasses River when we reach the moon."

"I wish you would tell me all about the Molasses River," said Johnny.

"You would never be able to gain anything like a fair idea of its saccharine picturesqueness from an ordinary description. It must be seen to be appreciated. A number of poems have been written upon this wonderful body of molasses. This is the only one that I can recall at present:

MOLASSES RIVER.

"I rise on Sugar-loaf Mountain,
And tenderly flow along,
A plaintive saccharine fountain
A-singing a dulcet song.

"White sugar's the shining gravel
That makes my pleasant shore,
And with great delight I travel
By many a candy store.

"A-glide through the winding channel,
The lilies that make me glad
Are cocoa-nut cakes, and a flannel
Flapjack is each floating pad.

"Maples and sugar-beets breezy
Over my sweet tide droop;
Each shell on my shores, 'tis easy
To see, is a sugar-scoop.

"With rapture along I wrestle,
And joyously splash and bob,
Till I'm caged in the gray stone vessel
That's corked with an old corn-cob."

"And will you take me to see this beautiful river?"
asked Johnny.

"Certainly; I shall be only too happy to take you
sailing on it when we have our next picnic, which—"

"Oh, look there!" broke in Johnny.

They both looked up at the oriel of the pumpkin,
and there was the old owl again, gazing upon them
with all the intensity of his burning bottle-green eyes.
But he had a pleasant expression rarely seen in an
owl, and instead of accosting him rudely, they said:

"Good-morning, Mr. Owl. Are not you up rather
early this morning?"

"It is rather early for me," replied the Owl. "As
the daylight dawns I cannot see, because, you know,
darkness is light to me. While sitting under yonder
tree, groping and feeling my way around in the light,
I happened to discern a ribbon of moonshine drifting
from this pumpkin, and I thought I would come over
and solve the mystery. I trust you will pardon the
intrusion, and excuse my seeming rudeness."

"Certainly," replied the Squirrel. "Will not you
walk or fly into the pumpkin?"

"Are you quite sure you are not engaged in discuss-
ing some private matter?" asked the Owl, politely.

"We are sure," replied the Squirrel.

In a moment the oriel increased in size, and in popped the Owl, and perched on one of the couch-horses. He looked all around, and his eyes seemed to grow greener, until he put on a pair of black glasses.

"With these glasses," observed the Owl, "I can always discern things more distinctly. They are invaluable to me in the hunting of field-mice. Is this your home, Mr. Squirrel?"

"It is just at present; but when I get back to the moon I shall be a Prince."

"I see," remarked the Owl; "you are a moon squirrel. I suppose you run around in the moon as in a wire wheel, and keep the great orb whirling. If you will kindly excuse me for speaking about myself, I will say that my only grievance is that I cannot see in the daytime. Do you think it would be consistent with my feelings of self-respect to offer to lead a crow around at night if the crow would chaperon me during the day?"

"It might," replied the Squirrel. "But the only objection I can see is that neither of you would get the necessary amount of sleep. You say you can only see in the dark?"

"Yes," said the Owl.

"Then you ought to be able to see first-rate when you close your eyes."

The Owl did not care to try the experiment, for fear he was being chaffed by the Squirrel, and yet he did not feel sufficiently certain that he was being chaffed to justify him in acting as though offended. So he pretended that the observation missed him, and began a volley of questions by asking the Squirrel for an explanation of the pumpkin mystery, the coachman-lamp, and, in fact, everything connected with his squirrelship.



THE OWL GAZING IN AT THE ORIEL.



He was soon acquainted with the history of the Prince's life, and of his melancholy fate in being turned into a squirrel. But no sooner had the Squirrel given an account of himself than he asked the Owl to say something appertaining to his owlship.

"I shall be only too happy to furnish the desired information. May I burst into song?"

"Certainly you may," replied the Squirrel.

And then by the dim light of the coachman-lamp the bird of wisdom sang:

THE SONG OF THE OWL.

"I am an owl of orders gray,
As happy as can be;
The sunny day I dream away
Within a hollow tree.
But when night comes, with much ado
I through the forest flit,
Till on some root
I rest and hoot—
Tu woo, tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo!
Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit!

"Unto the minster oft I fly,
Where, in my ashen cowl,
I hear the winds of summer sigh,
The winds of winter howl;
Where blue doves woo and bill and coo,
I on the rafter sit,
And moping sing
Beneath my wing,
Tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo!
Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit!"

"A very nice song, to a lively tripping air, and with a sort of choice mediæval flavor," observed the Squirrel.
"Up to this time I always fancied you the most philo-

sophie bird on earth, giving your attention only to serious stubborn facts, and I can assure you I am pleased to find you so richly endowed with the lyric gift. I have a little suggestion to offer, or rather a proposition to make."

"Make it!" exclaimed the Owl, rather abruptly.

"I would like to take you with me to the moon, for there you will be able to see all the time, and will never have to seek the aid of eye-glasses. You may not be aware of the fact, but there is not an owl in the moon, and there has not been one there for centuries. Do you know why you hoot at night?"

"I never thought there was any special reason," replied the Owl.

"Well, there is," continued the Squirrel. "When you hoot at night it is an unconscious invocation to the moon. When you madly tear a field-mouse to pieces your feelings are really those of disappointment at not being able to live in the moon; you are desperately in love with the moon, and yet you don't know it. Now, suppose Johnny were fond of pie, and yet unconscious of it, would not you think it a very queer proposition?"

"I certainly should," replied the Owl. "But why do I love the moon?"

"Because your ancestors were originally moon birds, and very merry birds they were, too. They only became solemn after they reached the earth. Some of your species still have the white moon face. When in the moon you were always playing tricks and creating merriment. Now, at the downfall of your ancestors, my great-great-grandfather, Moonshine the Seventh, was King. He was as bald as the moon itself appears from the earth. He was so bald that he always



“HE WHIPPED A BOTTLE OF HAIR-CURLING FLUID FROM UNDER HIS WING.”

had to wear a fur hat to prevent his taking cold. But he was as fond of a joke as he was bald, and although he could perform all sorts of moon miracles, he could not make hair grow on his head. One day an old owl went to him for the purpose of amusing him with a fresh-laid joke. He said he had been wrecked on the Molasses River, and was so weak from exposure that he had hardly sufficient strength to retain his feathers. He then said he was making a desperate struggle to maintain his family by the sale of a little article, and whipped a bottle of hair-curling fluid from under his wing, and offered it to him for a trifling sum. Instead of the King laughing violently at the absurdity of being offered a curling fluid when he had no hair, as the owl supposed he would, he flew into a towering rage, and ordered all the owls to be driven from the moon. And that is the reason you are all such a thoughtful, melancholy family on the earth. It was then decreed that no owl should ever again live in the moon unless brought there by one of the royal family. At 8.13 to-night the moon will appear, and by that time we must be in readiness."

"But how do we go?" asked the mystified Owl.

"That's what I'd like to know, too!" exclaimed Johnny. "How do we go?"

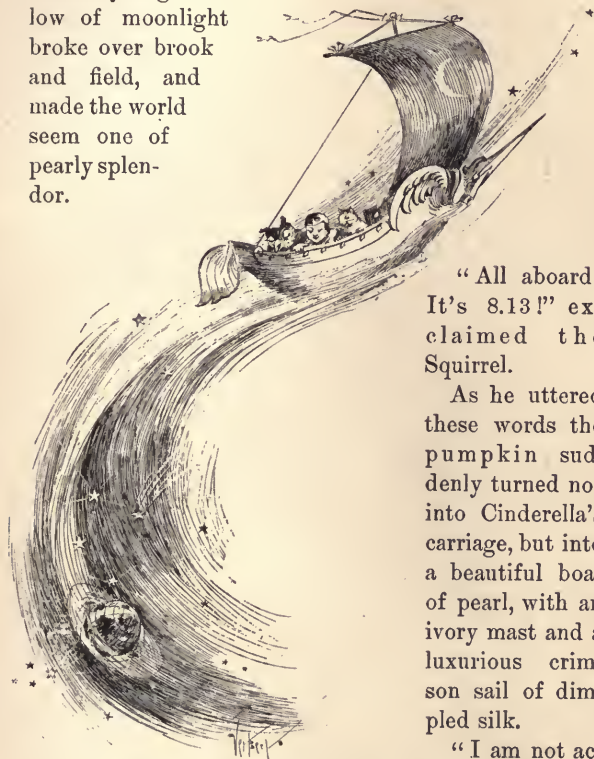
"Wait until 8.13," replied the Squirrel, "and you shall see."

III

THE day was wearing away very slowly for the Squirrel, Johnny, and the Owl, because they were all so anxious to start on their journey to the moon. The Squirrel ran all over the inside of the pumpkin; and the Owl, so happy on being able to see in the soft light waves of the coachman-lamp, flapped his wings for exercise with great glee, and hooted in the most rapturous manner. Johnny was full of expectation, and looked forward with wild delight to all the mysteries of Moonland. The Molasses River and the picnic upon its saccharine shores filled him with the liveliest anticipations of pleasure. Finally the afternoon came, and drifted softly away into a purple dream, in which the leaves rustled like an æolian melody.

The Squirrel sat at the edge of the pumpkin oriel, and looked out upon the scene of pulsing calm from which he was shortly to be torn forever. The brook lisped through the murmuring grasses, the trees waved gently to and fro, and the sun, piercing the solitudes of the wood, gilded the dreaming violets, and seemed to set them atremble. At last the sun dropped behind a distant hill, and its reflection dyed the sky a delicate rose that nestled in the dimples of the clouds. And then the rose faded into olive, and the olive into gray, in which a great white star sparkled like a blazing flower.

One by one the trees became more indistinct; the outlines of the landscape melted into darkness, until suddenly a great billow of moonlight broke over brook and field, and made the world seem one of pearly splendor.



"All aboard!
It's 8.13!" exclaimed the Squirrel.

As he uttered these words the pumpkin suddenly turned not into Cinderella's carriage, but into a beautiful boat of pearl, with an ivory mast and a luxurious crimson sail of dimpled silk.

"I am not accustomed to such sudden changes," exclaimed the

Owl, "so please excuse my apparent agitation."

Johnny could only clap his hands with delight,

"THE MOONLIT EARTH WHIRLING AROUND
IN INKINESS."

while the Squirrel, in the exuberance of his joy, ran up the rigging like a sailor, and sat upon the top of the mast. The horses were on the deck, acting as pumpkin-colored lounges; and the coachman, having been unlamped for the occasion, was at the helm steering—for by this time the boat of pearl was sailing in the moonlight hundreds of feet above the highest trees.

"This boat does not sail on water," said the Squirrel, who had just come down from the mast-head, "only on the moonlight."

"If the moon should go behind a cloud, would we drop in the darkness?" asked Johnny.

"Not at all," replied the Squirrel, much to the satisfaction of Johnny, who was a little nervous. "In that case the boat would only stand still until the reappearance of the moon. The boat is drawn by the moon to itself. Do you know how fast we are going?"

"No. How fast?" asked the Owl.

"About one hundred miles a minute. We are going so fast that we don't seem to be going at all."

"I must confess," said the Owl, "that this is about the queerest experience I have had so far in life. Why, gracious me! look at that silver ball down there! What is that?"

"That is the moonlit earth whirling around in inkiness."

"The world also rolls in inkiness during the day," said the Owl.

"What kind of inkiness, pray?" asked the Squirrel.

"Gold-inkiness," replied the Owl.

"How do you know," asked Johnny, "when you can't see during the day? I never supposed you knew anything appertaining to the day before the arrival of the evening paper."

The Squirrel chattered, and the Owl enveloped his face as best he could in his feathery bonnet.

"It would not be a bad scheme," observed the Owl, over-solicitous to change the subject of conversation, "to have a song, a serenade or something of that kind, that would be in harmony with this divinely lovely evening."

"Suppose you sing, then," suggested the Squirrel.

"I don't know anything; and, besides, I have a cold."

Johnny said he could remember nothing but the rhyme of the cow that jumped over the moon, which they both knew. The Squirrel was so pleased with the allusion to his beloved moon that he volunteered to sing himself, so Johnny and the Owl both listened with attention, while the Squirrel poured forth a little lyric which he called, simply,

A LEGEND.

"A moonbeam once fell in the bell of a flower
Way down by a silvery rill;
'Twas cradled to sleep in a rapturous hour
When all the green forest was still.

"That flower, when golden and glad was the morning,
Was shrivelled and wilted and thin;
But on the next night, all its chalice adorning,
The moonbeam still lingered within.

"Since then has that flower been tender and creamy
Wherever its petals have blown;
All fragile and pearly and dainty and dreamy
Is the night-blooming cereus known."

"That is indeed very pretty," observed the Owl when the Squirrel had paused; "it is indeed a beautiful little gem, and I trust that you may not mistake my enthusiastic praise for patronage. I am blest with

a fond poetic soul, and that is why I am capable of appreciating your sweet little song."

"It is very kind of you to be so favorably impressed," replied the Squirrel, timidly; "I appreciate your kindly criticism very much."

"I greatly prefer funny poems," said Johnny—"funny poems about giants and witches and pirates."

"They are very good in their way," broke in the Owl, "but I prefer something less evanescent. If we read for amusement, why cannot we be amused by the serious as much as by that which leans to the ludicrous. Sometimes, you know, a serious thing makes us laugh and a funny thing does not. Now—"

"There goes the bird of wisdom pouring forth his philosophy on the poetic cult!" exclaimed the Squirrel. "Did you ever play steam poetry?"

"What is steam poetry?" asked Johnny and the Owl.

"It's a kind of poetry," replied the Squirrel, "in which you keep up the rhyming as long as you can find a rhyme without stopping to think about the metre, which is generally most effective through any irregularity that has an audacious happy-go-lucky air. Would you like to try a game?"

"Yes, certainly, certainly," they replied together. "Let's begin right away."

"All right. Now I'll begin by saying two lines, then Johnny must follow with two lines, and the Owl must add two, and that will make a verse. Then we will keep it up until we can't keep it up any longer. How does this strike you for a title?—'The Romaunt of the Higglede-piggiddy and the Sensitive Baraboo.'"

"First-rate."

"All right," said the Squirrel. "Here we go:"

THE SQUIRREL. The Higglede-piggiddy fell in love
 With the sensitive Baraboo;
 JOHNNY. He loved her so very intensely that
 He didn't know what to do—
 THE OWL. Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit!
 Tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo!



“THE HIGGLEDE-PIGGIDDY AND THE SENSITIVE BARABOO.”

THE SQUIRREL. The Higglede-piggiddy, all upset,
 In a vacant dream would sit,
 JOHNNY. And whether he fell asleep or not,
 He cared not a single bit—
 THE OWL. Tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo!
 Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit!

 THE SQUIRREL. Oh, silly Higglede-piggiddy, don't
 Come hither to bill and coo;
 JOHNNY. I can only your loving sister be,
 Said the sensitive Baraboo—
 THE OWL. Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit!
 Tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo!

 THE SQUIRREL. The Higglede-piggiddy then and there
 A cigarette coolly lit;

- JOHNNY. To-morrow her letters, one and all,
Unto her shall I transmit—
- THE OWL. Tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo!
Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit!
- THE SQUIRREL. The Higglede-piggiddy didn't fume
Or make a great hullabaloo;
- JOHNNY. Oh, not in his pocket-handkerchief
Did he spill one small boo-hoo—
- THE OWL. Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit!
Tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo!
- THE SQUIRREL. He sang each day in his usual way,
As gay as the gay tom-tit;
- JOHNNY. He circled about like the swallow s pry,
Or the goose on the whirling spit—
- THE OWL. Tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo!
Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit!
- THE SQUIRREL. The Higglede-piggiddy's now forgot,
Like the sensitive Baraboo;
- JOHNNY. They're a blank from the famous Russian steppes
To the village of Kickapoo—
- THE OWL. Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit!
Tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo!
- THE SQUIRREL. Like them we may all be laid away
If we here in the dew-fall sit,
- JOHNNY. So into the cabin sumptuous
I think we had better flit—
- THE OWL. Tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo, tu-woo!
Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whit!

“Why don't you go ahead?” asked the Owl.

“It is all well enough for you to talk about going ahead, when all you have to do is to tag a ‘tu-woo’ and a ‘tu-whit’ on the end. I suppose you could keep it up all day long,” said the Squirrel, sarcastically.

"There is no necessity for your being vexed," observed the Owl, apologetically. "I would not offend you for the world—no, not for the moon itself."

As soon as the smile of forgiveness lighted the Squirrel's face, the tear of regret fell from the Owl's green eye, and turned to a lovely purple flower, that took root and grew out of the deck.

"I suppose you could weep a garden if you tried," said Johnny; "but please do not try, unless you can weep strawberries. How long do you think it will take us to reach the moon?"

"We shall be in the moon by 9.27 A.M. to-morrow," replied the Squirrel.

"I fancied we were getting near it," said Johnny, "for now the earth, silvered by the moon, looks like a two-grain quinine pill bobbing about there in the darkness."

They all looked over, and, sure enough, there was the earth scarcely discernible, and every moment the



"WHY DON'T YOU GO AHEAD?" ASKED THE OWL."

pearly boat was drifting away from it, the crimson sail idly flapping on the mast of ivory. Whether at that time they were over Africa or China they could not tell, and after some speculation as to their posi-

tion, they thought it prudent to follow the hint given in the final stanza of "The Romaunt of the Higglede-piggiddy and the Sensitive Baraboo."

So the three descended to the cabin; and a most lovely cabin it was. Johnny and the Owl could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw all its beauties unfolded before them. It seemed simply absurd to them to imagine that their beautiful air-ship of pearl could have once been a plain tawny pumpkin, and later a carriage and horses. Although the carriage and horses were beautiful in every respect, they were not to be compared for loveliness to the dainty vessel that was bearing them to Moonland, while it floated through the ripples of the great white orb as gracefully as an iridescent bubble. The furniture of the cabin was made entirely of pearl, and every light was a moon in miniature, and each little moon circled about in a minute orbit just above a fountain that was lovely in a continuous spirtle of stars. Of course the cabin was flooded with the most delicate light, and this light was sifted through the finest of silken draperies—draperies so fine that they seemed made of cloud gossamer as they gently swayed in the opalescent glow.

"You can now imagine what I have suffered," said the Squirrel, "when you consider what I have to make me happy, and then reflect that for purloining the nuts from a cake I have been compelled to be a squirrel and live on nuts for months. I don't believe I shall ever be able to look upon a cake again without a shudder, and as for essaying to partake of any, I should be so afraid that it might contain a forbidden nut that I should no more think of eating it than I should now think of flying, when I am not a flying-squirrel. Just listen!"

When the Squirrel paused the cabin was filled with gentlest music that floated about as mysteriously as the light itself. When it played an imitation of the wind rippling through the trees in spring, the scent of blossoms filled the air, and the minstrelsy of birds ran through it in the most delightful manner. And then it would play the music of autumn, and permeate the symphony with the delicious wood scents peculiar to that dreamy season. The murmur of the sea lent its subtle influence, and the rustle of reeds was to be distinctly heard; and it changed from one to the other, and varied the changes until the place was enchanted. And while this dulcet spell was thrown over them, they drifted off to a less beautiful dream-land, out of which they were to awake in the snowy bowers of the moon.

IV

WHEN the light of morning dawned, the Squirrel, Johnny, and the Owl awoke, feeling greatly refreshed by their night's rest in the luxurious moon ship. But the Owl and Johnny were as greatly surprised as they were refreshed to find that they were not in the boat at all, but back in the Cinderella carriage, being drawn rapidly over a silvery moon road to the palace of the Squirrel's father, King Silversmith the Tenth.

The road was snow white, and the dust was like the finest flour. The Squirrel was as happy as a King, though in reality but a Prince. Johnny was not so happy, however, on account of the blinding glare of everything with which his vision came in contact.

"Don't you find this glare blinding?" asked Johnny.

"Not at all," replied the Owl—"not at all. To me it's as soft as a June landscape, because my eyes are green."

The Squirrel was greatly amused at this, but Johnny said nothing, and they drove along for some miles, the Squirrel probably being too happy at returning to his home, and Johnny and the Owl being too much overcome by the surrounding marvels and the novelty of all about them to indulge very freely in conversation. Up hill and down dale they went over the pearly roads, until they discerned in the dim distance a great white tower—the tower of the magnificent palace of Silver-smith the Tenth.

"There may be no such thing as an Arabian night," said Johnny, "but this truly seems an Arabian day."

And the Squirrel involuntarily burst forth:

"Silver meadow, silver flower,
Silver winding stream,
Silver lily on the silver,
In a silver dream;
Silver maples, silver birches,
In a silver spray,
Silver birds sing silver lyrics
All the silver day."

It was a lovely prospect. As the Squirrel intimated in his song, each object seemed to be of silver and pearl. It was quite as white as the earth is green, and there was not a bit of view along the way that had not some peculiar charm of its own. There was no such thing as monotony, aside from the whiteness that characterized almost everything. On and on they went, and nearer and nearer the palace appeared, until finally, when they least expected it, the little carriage whirled around a sudden bend in the road and shot under a large archway, and in another instant was in front of the palace.

Silversmith the Tenth stood at the bottom step of the great edifice, surrounded by Roseflake, the lovely Princess whose cake the Squirrel had rifled of its nuts, and all the courtiers. As soon as the carriage stopped, the Squirrel jumped out upon the palace steps, and when he alighted on the same he was changed back to Flowerbell, the Moon Prince. Johnny and the Owl could scarcely realize that the Prince in the white silk mantle, over which a great mass of shimmering golden

curls fell in wild profusion, was the gray squirrel with whom they had been travelling.

Flowerbell rushed to the embrace of Silversmith the Tenth, and vowed that he would never eat nut-cake again. Roseflake forgave him for having purloined the nuts—even the magic Brazil-nut—from the great cake that was intended as the crowning triumph of her party.

Johnny and the Owl were welcomed, especially the Owl, whose ancestors belonged in the moon, and flourished in it until exiled by Moonshine the Seventh, as related in a former chapter. The King never supposed the moon would know another owl, and he was very profuse in his thanks to Flowerbell for having the forethought to invite a specimen to accompany him home.

But the fairies could not understand Johnny. He seemed as queer in their eyes as they did in his. Before seeing him they had only read of human beings, but did not believe they really existed. When they became acquainted with him, the fairies taxed him with all kinds of questions relative to what they called earth life, and had him relate various experiences, all of which they enjoyed, but none of which they believed. For instance, they did not believe that it required a whole summer to ripen an apple on earth. They really believed that the earth tree could be touched by a wand like a fairy moon tree, and the apples caused to appear at once fully ripe.

At table Johnny was greatly annoyed because the fairies stared at him so much, and regarded him as something supernatural.

But when he complained to Flowerbell, that merry little Prince threatened to have them turned into soup-

FLOWERBELL'S RETURN.



plates without being deprived of their sense of feeling. When they heard this threat and thought of the hot soup, and the man who had been turned into a pair of nut-crackers, they promised not to regard Johnny as anything more than an ordinary rational fairy.

"I will look out for you, Johnny," said Flowerbell. "They probably don't like you because you are my playmate. Would you like to come and see my father's library?"

"Indeed I should like to very much!"

"Well, follow me."

Johnny followed, and after passing through various halls they entered the sumptuous library of Silversmith the Tenth. The Librarian was sitting in front of the grandest fireplace Johnny ever saw, smoking cigarettes, and blowing the smoke from his eyes in the dreamiest manner.

A dog lying on a rug arose, stretched himself, and said, "*Bonjour!*"

Then he left the room, and Johnny not knowing what to make of it, Flowerbell said, "That is the French Poodle that cannot speak English."

And then the Librarian blew a greater cloud of smoke than before through his eyes and sang:

"Ash—Bol—Bol—Car—
Car—Cod—Code—Dem—
Dem—Eye—Eve—Gla—
Tra, la, la, la, la!"

"Gla—Hor—Hor—Kin—
Kin—Mag—Mag—Mot—
Mot—Pal—Pal—Pri—
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Then he blew another great cloud of smoke from his eyes, and laughed with great gusto.

"What in the world has he been reciting?" asked Johnny.

"Nothing," answered Flowerbell, in reply to Johnny's question, "but the syllables on the backs of some of the volumes of the encyclopædia—the syllables that indicate the contents."

The Librarian smiled, and again broke into a violent laugh, at which moment his sombre garments turned into light gay colors, and all over them appeared queer funny characters, something like those on a Japanese fan.

"His clothing indicates his state of mind," explained Flowerbell. "When he is in a sad, reflective condition, his clothing is black.

When he is in a dreamy

frame, his garments are lit up by a delicate landscape, with cloud ships in the airy distance, and butterflies tilting on crimson flower bells, etc. But when he is in a funny mood— But he is in a funny mood now, and you may see for yourself."



THE LIBRARIAN.

Johnny looked, and was greatly astonished to see a Chinese clown running downhill on a barrel, while fanning himself with a flock of doves with one hand, and throwing soap circulars about with the other. Running across from waistcoat-pocket to waistcoat-pocket was a suspended string of sausages. And out of one pocket a little man popped, and ran across on the sausage string and disappeared in the other.

"Why does not he come out again?" asked Johnny.

"Because he is asleep," answered the Librarian, curtly.

His cigarette went out, and his displeasure caused his garments to resume their usual sombre tone.

"What are those little men on the shelf?" asked Johnny, his curiosity getting the better of him.

"Those are the story manikins," replied the Prince. "They serve for books. Instead of reading, as you earth people do, we have little men that tell us stories. Would you like to hear one of them recite a little poem—a favorite of mine?"

Johnny said he would be only too happy to hear the poem.

"Let's have Almanac Bland," said the Prince; "the man that tells the seasons with his whiskers and hair."

The Librarian took down one of the little men, and stood him on the table. When the spring by which he was wound up had been touched, he commenced:

ALMANAC BLAND.

"What a curious mortal is Almanac Bland,
E'er so peaceful and calm and serene!
In the spring, when the flowers empurple the land,
Both his hair and his whiskers are green.

"When the poppy's aflame in the wind-rippled wheat,
And the sunflowers gayly unfold,
Then his hair and his whiskers grow down to his feet
In a tangle of shimmering gold.

"When the soft zephyr strays through the corn, yellow turned,
And the bee and the robin have fled,
Then his whiskers are into a deep russet burned,
And his hair to mahogany red.

"But whene'er the bleak winter moans over the plain,
And the snow scurries on in its flight,
Then his hair and his whiskers, transmuted again,
Blow a delicate lilyful white."

Then the manikin bowed, and was put back in his place.

"Now," said the Prince, "let's have 'The Adopted Nephew of the Sage-green Elephant with the Glass Eye.'"

"Can't do it, I'm sorry to say," replied the Librarian. "The manikin that tells the story of 'The Adopted Nephew of the Sage-green Elephant with the Glass Eye' had his main-spring broken yesterday while pronouncing the word 'pterodactyl.' He is now being repaired, and the word 'pterodactyl' is going to be eliminated from the story."

"I believe," soliloquized Johnny, "that this is all a dream. I think I am now at home in Vermont fast asleep on my corn-husk mattress, and that before I know it I shall wake up and have to go down-stairs and study my lessons."

He did not awake, however, but continued to walk about the library with Flowerbell, who promised that on the first rainy day he might hear all the stories that the manikins could tell. There were several hundred

of these manikins classified according to their style of story, so Johnny looked forward with great delight to the first rainy day.

Just at this juncture the King, Silversmith the Tenth, rushed violently into the library, and fell into a chair in a great state of fright.

"Beat them off! Beat them off!" shouted the King.

"Beat what off?" asked the Librarian.

"The white moon bears!" shouted the King. "Don't you see them?"

"Oh yes!" said the Librarian. And with that he picked up a poker, and commenced beating the air violently. "That is the last of those white moon bears."

The King was profuse in his thanks, and as a recognition of the Librarian's services turned his empty pocket-book into one full of coins.

"I didn't see any bears," said Johnny.

"They're imaginary bears," explained Flowerbell. "The King has a very powerful imagination—so powerful, in fact, that when he imagines a thing it is to him a reality. It would not be well for us if we were to tell him there were no bears. The Librarian knows there was none as well as we; yet, like a faithful servant, he set to work and went through the act of killing two specimens, just to satisfy the King that he was not laboring under a mistake when he was. In all probability the King was simply thinking that he would like some bear steaks for dinner, when the steaks grew, in his imagination, to bears, who pursued him with a spirit of vengeance. It is a terrible malady, and the only one that tends to make Silversmith the Tenth at all unhappy or dissatisfied with his lot. On one occasion he imagined he was a rabbit, and insisted on

blinking, and twisting his nose incessantly. He would do this at table, and sometimes make the servants laugh. One servant manifested such a keen appreciation of the humor of the situation that he is now acting in the capacity of a kitchen pot. The King makes it a point to have all the rabbits cooked in this pot, and the pot, being endowed with a knowledge of its fate, simply boils at the sight of a rabbit. Not the least painful feature of that hallucination of Silver-smith the Tenth lay in the fact that he insisted upon



KING SILVERSMITH AS A RABBIT.

being carried about by the ears. Now fancy a couple of servants, each holding an ear, carrying the King about."

"Flowerbell," said the King, pleasantly, for the destruction of the bears made him good-natured, "I can-

not express to you the keen pleasure I feel every time I reflect upon the fact that you have brought the Owl back to the moon. It is many years since the moon has seen an owl, and many of our people regard this bird as a myth. The owl was originally white—moon white—but the earth turned it brown. The light of the moon is its proper tone, if you can call that a tone. Now to-morrow night I am going to give a ball in honor of the Owl's return, and on that occasion this bird, dear to my heart, as a lover and patriot of the moon, shall assume his original moon-glow—"

"Mooney is an Irish surname, and might be misleading," broke in the Prince. "I think moon-glow sounds better."

"Moon-glow it is, then," said Silversmith, smiling. "The Owl shall assume the moon-glow of his ancestors."

"But we must not have a cake with nuts in it!" exclaimed the Prince.

"No," replied the King; "but one thing we must make an entrée of is that tender little musk-sheep down in the meadow, where— Oh, oh, the room is full of musk-sheep trying to butt me to death!" roared the King. "Musk-sheep on the piano, under the piano, rushing in the door-way, and jumping down the chimney. Kill them! kill them!"

The King ran this way and that, and made desperate lunges and kicks at the musk-sheep that were trying to do him to death.

Finally the cooks rushed in with knives, and made motions as though grabbing the sheep and killing them. They worked away for something like twenty minutes, killing off these imaginary sheep, and when they were through, they said:

"We are glad that we arrived just in time."

"Take the carcasses out," said the King, "and give all but one bear and one musk-sheep to the poor, and those two serve up in your very best style for the grand ball to be given to-morrow night in honor of the Owl's return to the moon."

V

FLOWERBELL motioned to Johnny to follow him out into the garden, and when there suggested that they keep away from Silversmith the Tenth for a while, and allow him to get over his fright caused by the imaginary musk-sheep:

"Because you cannot tell what might happen. If I had only kept out of his way after taking the nuts from Roseflake's cake, I don't for a moment believe he would have turned me into a squirrel and sent me to the earth for six months. It would be disheartening if he were to serve us in some such fashion just as a grand feast and ball are to be given in honor of the Owl; so we had better keep a little farther from the palace and avoid danger."

Johnny agreed that this would be the best plan to pursue, and they wandered through a mass of shrubbery until they reached the lower end of the garden. At this part of the garden there was a great bed of cabbages, and each cabbage had on a high white hat. Some of them were red, some were green, and one tall one in the centre was a rich purple. As they approached, all the cabbages raised their hats politely.

"That is about the strangest thing I have yet seen in Moonland!" said Johnny, in a startled manner.

"What do they mean?"

"They are simply a lot of polite cabbages," replied

Flowerbell; "they always raise their hats. That big purple fellow over there is the Cabbage King, and he is now waiting for me to ask him who he is, in order that he may sing his song in reply. He sings the song, and the other cabbages, his subjects, sing the chorus."

"Is it a good song?" asked Johnny.

"The first time you hear it, it is pretty good," replied Flowerbell; "but when you have heard it as frequently as I have it seems to lose its piquancy."

"But I have never heard it," said Johnny; "and as you say it is good the first time, I should like to hear it very much. Can you stand it again?"

"I am not positive," murmured Flowerbell, reflectively, "but I'll try, if you would hear the song."

Then he turned and faced the polite cabbages, every one of which raised its hat and seemed to be endeavoring to lapse into a pleasant smile. As they raised their hats, Flowerbell looked at the King, and asked, rather sharply,

"Who are you anyhow?"

And the Cabbage King raised himself an inch higher and removed his high hat—an extra high one, which was his crown—and sang:

OLD KING CABBAGE.

"I'm King of the cabbages green;
I'm King of the cabbages red;
I'm a purple cabbage of royal mien,
With a sensible level head.
All my subjects I hold most dear,
They respect my power and might,
And unto all persons that venture near
We're considerate and polite.



“ALL THE CABBAGES RAISED THEIR HATS POLITELY.”



Chorus—"We're a lot of cabbages, one and all;
We're very polite, and that's
The reason that we, unto great and small,
Prefer to remove our hats—
Our hats, our hats, our hats, our hats—
Prefer to remove our hats."

"From the nightfall unto the morn,
By my cabbages green and red,
A soothing and sensible hat is worn
To prevent a cold in the head;
And through having to wear a hat,
That our health may continue right,
We raise it to every person that
We be known as very polite.

Chorus—"We're a lot of cabbages, one and all;
We're very polite, and that's
The reason that we, unto great and small,
Prefer to remove our hats—
Our hats, our hats, our hats, our hats—
Prefer to remove our hats."

"But I'm filled with a secret grief,
And in spite of myself I shout:
May I ne'er be boiled with the red corned-beef,
Or be made into sauer-kraut;
May I not in the form of slaws
Any epicure's fork invite.
My delicate sorrow is all because
I'm so sensitive and polite.

Chorus—"We're a lot of cabbages, one and all;
We're very polite, and that's
The reason that we, unto great and small,
Prefer to remove our hats—
Our hats, our hats, our hats, our hats—
Prefer to remove our hats."

"Indeed that is a very lively song, and I am not a

little surprised to hear anything of the kind from a cabbage," said Johnny, with solemn deliberation.

"Yes," responded Flowerbell, not a little overcome at his playmate's expression of wonder; "it is not so bad for a cabbage, especially when you first hear it; but I can tell you the Cabbage King is as vain as polite. Now I am going to humor him." So Flowerbell looked at the Cabbage King and shouted:

"Who are you? who are you?
Who are you? who are you,
Pray?
Who are you? who are you?
Who are you? who are you,
Eh?"

"What does all that mean?" asked Johnny.

"It means," responded Flowerbell, with a smile that made manifest his keen sense of the ridiculous, "that the Cabbage King sings that song every time he is asked who he is, and he enjoys it, too, I can assure you. He can now enjoy himself singing it eight times."

This statement struck Johnny as being very funny, and wishing to satisfy himself that Flowerbell was not chaffing him, he watched his chance and looked around, and, sure enough, the cabbages were doffing their hats in the most polite fashion, while the chorus could be distinctly heard where they were standing.

The moon garden was a beautiful bower of fragrance and airy rest. It was only a garden in name, however, because it covered several miles of moon. The gradual slopes and the murmurous valleys seemed as though made to wander and dream in, and as Flowerbell and Johnny roved along, the latter said:

"I do miss the Owl so much! Suppose we go back and hunt him up."

"The Owl is all right, Johnny," replied Flowerbell, as he cut the air with a wand and severed a lily from its stem—"the Owl is all right. He is being fed on sweetmeats to turn his feathers white and make him like the original moon owl. You will be surprised when you see him at the ball to-morrow night. You will see that instead of being melancholy and wise, he will be melancholy and funny. And after the ball is over, you know the King gives a picnic, in honor of my return, on the banks of the Molasses River."

"Look there!" exclaimed Johnny, in great surprise.

As they looked, they saw the lily that Flowerbell had cut from its stem floating about in the air like a bird.

"That is nothing," Flowerbell explained, with a smile. "It is simply waiting for a stem to grow out of it, and descend and take root in the ground. Do you see those tea-biscuits over there rustling in undulate beauty?"

"No, I do not," responded Johnny, "and I don't believe that tea-biscuits can rustle, either. I see a field of wheat over in the direction in which you point, but I don't see any tea-biscuits."

"The wheat in the moon grows on the potato principle," Flowerbell explained. "You pull up a few wands of wheat, and you find the tea-biscuits on the roots. See here."

Flowerbell then pulled up a handful of wheat, and the roots were full of the most delicious tea-biscuits Johnny ever tasted. It was then made clear to him that a peculiar warmth in the moon mould not only rounded all vegetables to a beautiful perfection, but

afterwards cooked and preserved them. No moon farmer ever dreamed of garnering his crops until they were cooked, and many did not take them in at that time, preferring to allow them to remain until wanted in a state of peerless preservation.

"When the asparagus pops out of the ground," said a farmer who overheard the conversation, "it is ready to eat, like an earth apple. We have fields of stewed and fried potatoes, and even our poultry and sheep are cooked for us just before they reach that age when nature toughens them. It is very pleasant to be able to step out and pluck sweet-corn just hot enough to be delicious, and all garnished with butter and pepper and salt. I never feel the independence of the farmer so keenly as at the time I see my roasted ducks swimming about in the gravy pond at the foot of the hill. There is one of my roasted pigs over there hoeing the hills of beans."

As the Farmer paused, the pig came closer. He was a polka-dotted specimen, and had on a large straw hat



PORK AND BEANS.

and eye-glasses. He hoed away to the time of a lively song, which ran as follows :

THE AGRICULTURAL PIG.

"I'm an agricultural pig,
And I love these quiet scenes,
Where I frequently dance a jig
While hoeing the blooming beans.
My heart is as light as a cork
Among my favorite greens,
For I am the pork, pork, pork,
And they are the beans, beans, beans.
In all kinds of weather
We're happy together,
For we are the pork and the beans."

Chorus by the beans.

"Oh, we are the beans, beans, beans !
And he is the pork, pork, pork !
And we have no horror of soup tureens,
The spoon or the knife and fork."

"I'm a rapturous Roasted Pig,
And my rapture simply means
I'm contented to hoe and dig
Among these delicate beans.
Oh, I hop like the slender stork,
While my hoe the weedlet gleans ;
Oh, I am the pork, pork, pork !
And they are the beans, beans, beans.
In all kinds of weather
We're happy together,
For we are the pork and beans."

Chorus by the beans.

"Oh, we are the beans, beans, beans !
And he is the pork, pork, pork !
And we have no horror of soup tureens,
The spoon or the knife and fork."

"That is a very clever song," said Flowerbell, with a smile. "It is exceedingly clever and well turned, and I think you should be encouraged. Would you like to go to the Owl's ball to-morrow night?"

"Why, there hasn't been an owl in the moon," replied the Roasted Pig, "since Moonshine the Seventh exiled the whole race because a facetious member endeavored—by way of a joke, be it said—to sell him a phial of hair-curling fluid, when he, Moonshine the Seventh, had not a hair on his head. You must have read the history of the moon, surely!"

"I have," replied the Moon Prince; "but I recently visited the earth, and met an owl, who, for all I know to the contrary, may be a lineal descendant of the very perpetrator of the hair-curling jest. It was decreed at the time the owls were exiled that no one should—"

"I know the whole story quite well," broke in the Roasted Pig. "Excuse me for my seeming rudeness in interrupting you, but the incident is set forth at considerable length in Mooney's *Moon*, Vol. XIV., page 117."

"Now, then, I want you to answer my question—would you like to go to the Owl's ball to-morrow night?"

"Very much indeed—thanks," replied the Roasted Pig, removing his hat, and carefully wiping his eyeglasses; "nothing could afford me higher pleasure."

"Why, what a very polite pig!" said Johnny. "I never saw such manners before; and he has a company voice, too. Was he this way before he was cooked?"

"I presume he must have been," Flowerbell replied, "because I don't think such a style could be acquired."

"Why, he is fit to go to dancing-school," suggested Johnny, thoughtfully; "and speaking of dancing, I wish it were now time for the Owl's ball."



THE ROASTED PIG AND HIS WISH-HORSE.

Just then Johnny found himself sitting on the back of a beautiful moon horse.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"Simply," replied the Moon Prince, "that in this land, which strikes you as being so queer—though it is not in reality as strange as the earth—wishes are horses. You wished it time for the Owl's ball, and there's the regulation horse."

"Pardon me," said the Roasted Pig, "but I must not neglect my beans. I wish you good-day." As soon

as he concluded with "I wish you good-day," another horse capered away over the farm, with the Roasted Pig on his back.

"I suppose I must ride, too?" said Johnny.

"You must," responded the Moon Prince.

"But I don't know how to ride. Now how can I ride if I don't know how to?"

"The best way you can," said Flowerbell. "You must learn not to wish. We are all supposed to be so happy here that wishing is superfluous."

"I wish that wishes were rocking-horses," Johnny observed, as he clung to the mane of his steed, "for then I should be at least able to stick on. But who is this strange creature walking past those silvery japonicas?"



TUMPTY TUM THE RHYMER.

Before the Moon Prince could tell him that the curious person approaching was Tumpy Tum the Rhymer, Johnny found himself standing on two horses, the second one being his wish that wishes were hobby-horses.

"And who is Tumpy Tum the Rhymer?"

"Tumpy Tum the Rhymer," said the Moon Prince, "is our chief oddity. He is a sort of wandering minstrel, who pours out moon legends to any one that will listen to him. Let's get out of his way."

So they secreted themselves behind a tree, and Tumpty Tum went by, mumbling a lot of rhyme, and appearing to be greatly carried away by it. As the Moon Prince and Johnny listened, they heard him sing:

THE CHECKERS' FROLIC.

"Way down in the mead, where the dappled woodpeckers
Are drumming away on the tree,
I just saw the black and the cardinal checkers
A-jumping around in their glee.

"They're jumping about like a lot of grasshoppers;
I think they are playing leap-frog;
A-flash in the air like a shower of coppers,
A-joggeddy, joggeddy, jog!

"Oh my, but the checkers enjoy, and most keenly,
Their spry little frolicsome vaults;
I noticed a king turn, while smiling serenely,
A couple of back summersaults.

"I know that each checker, like little Jack Horner,
When weary will wearily leap
Unto the repose of the board's double corner
To drift to the valley of sleep."

Before Johnny could say anything to express his wonder, Tumpty Tum the Rhymer passed out of sight, and the Moon Prince observed:

"That is only an incident of the Toy Garden. I suppose you would like to see that, wouldn't you?"

Johnny of course was only too anxious to see and enjoy the marvels of this magic enclosure, and no sooner had he informed the Moon Prince than the farmer said,

"I should like very much to go also."

“And so should I,” warbled the Roasted Pig. “I am ahead of time in my work, not a weed mars the prosperity of my beloved beans, and I should greatly enjoy the wonders of the Toy Garden.”

The Moon Prince consented, and with Johnny, the farmer, and the Roasted Pig moved in the direction of that bower of joy. The Roasted Pig rested on the arm of the farmer, the Prince walked gracefully alone, and Johnny rode on the two wish-horses.

VI

As soon as Flowerbell and his companions reached the wicket of the Toy Garden, Johnny learned that he could rid himself of the wish-horses, because, as the Moon Prince explained, they had to remain in the enclosure in which they were wished into existence. It was a great relief to Johnny, because he didn't understand the art of riding, and was at a loss to manage the second horse. They had no sooner entered the Toy Garden than they met another horse.

"Tell me whose wish you are," demanded Flowerbell.

"I am the wish of Silversmith the Tenth," replied the horse, politely. "He was just down here, and wished he could get over the mania of believing to be real the wild fancies that sometimes fill his mind. He just thought he was being pursued by a man who was going to make a circus poodle of him, and when I sprang into existence he made me run at the top of my speed to escape his pursuer. As I was running along he said to himself, 'To have to sit on a barrel and smoke a pipe; to have to jump through a balloon; to race up one ladder and down another; to have to wear a soldier's cap made of a newspaper, and walk down an inclined plane on one's hind-legs on a ball—oh my! oh my! oh my!' A great fear shook the frame of Silversmith the Tenth, and at his request I hurried to the

wicket, where he dismounted, and ran for dear life to the palace."

"We must not venture near him, then," said Flowerbell, cautiously. "I am very glad that the idle ballad of Tumpy Tum the Rhymer suggested to me the beautiful idea of coming into the Toy Garden. As a matter of fact, I have not been in this interesting enclosure for six or eight several moons."

"How old is the moon, anyhow?" asked Johnny.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the farmer, "did you hear that ridiculous question?"

"You should remember," observed the Roasted Pig, smilingly, "that Johnny is at present the guest and playmate of the Moon Prince, and therefore you should show him more courtesy."

The Moon Prince complimented the Roasted Pig on his appreciation of the attention due a guest, and commented with great severity on the uncouthness of the farmer, who was so dazed that he was at a loss for an apology, although he fumbled in the crown of his hat as though to find one there.

"But how old is the moon, anyhow?" Johnny repeated, to turn the conversation, and give the poor disconsolate farmer an opportunity to regain his mental equilibrium.

"It is never more than a month old," replied Flowerbell. "After it is a month old it becomes a new moon again. That is why we are so fresh and lively. But let us hurry along to see the checkers jump."

So they wended their way through the pearly bowers of the Toy Garden until they reached the little meadow mentioned by Tumpy Tum the Rhymer. Here they found the checkers having a glorious time. The checker-board, which was designed to counterfeit a book, had

on the back for a title, Mooney's *Moon*, I., II. It lay open on the grass, and the checkers were having a most exciting game. The lazy checkers would allow themselves to be jumped to get out of the game. As soon



THE JUMPING CHECKERS.

as a checker was jumped he would stand to one side. It was astonishing to see the kings jump backward when there was a chance to take three men. Finally there was a quarrel as to whose move or jump it was, and the game ended rather abruptly. Then they commenced jumping over each other without any reference to the game, and when they became fatigued they all began jumping for the open board to secure the double corners for a good rest. When they were all in, the board-book closed suddenly.

Then the kites came out of a thicket, like so many birds, and began flying about in graceful circles, while they wagged their tails affectionately in recognition of the presence of the Moon Prince. The latter was as greatly flattered at this exhibition as Johnny and the Roasted Pig were pleased ; for it was quite as new and

novel to the Roasted Pig as to the happy playmates of the Prince. The farmer said nothing, fearing he might get into trouble. But if he said nothing, he smiled all over with a sort of childish delight.

The kites finally retired, and then a humming sound filled the air, becoming louder and louder, until a number of humming-tops appeared in regular columns, like soldiers. As they marched along, the sound changed into softest music, for they were supplied with a new bird song each. They spun for quite a while, much to the delight of all, the Roasted Pig becoming almost hysterical with joy. But after a while the tops began to run down, and as they did so their song became more pensive and dreamy, until, just as they were about to roll over on their sides, they turned into a flock of humming-birds, and flew away into a lot of moon lilies, while their music filled the air as with subtlest incense.

"Well, well, well!" was all that Johnny could say, as he clapped his hands with delight.

"It's about the prettiest thing I ever saw," murmured the Roasted Pig, in tones of unfeigned rapture.

The farmer was afraid to hazard an opinion, lest he provoke the Prince, who said:

"Here comes Tumpy Tum the Rhymer, who perhaps can give us a jingling legend to account for this dainty conceit of nature."

"That can I," replied Tumpy Tum, who had overheard the suggestion of Flowerbell. "It is all owing to what happened to one top many moons ago, and then became a part of the nature of every top of that species. This is the story as well as I can remember:

THE TOP'S DREAM.

"Once a top fell asleep while 'twas spinning away,
And was charmed by a vision delightful and gay.
Oh, it dreamed it played music, the sweetest e'er heard,
As it floated about on the wings of a bird.

"It was when it awoke in the rose-scented dew
That away in the meadow a minstrel it flew;
But whene'er into sleep in its spinning 'twould drop
It was then the sweet minstrel lapsed into a top.

"And to this very day in the moon-flowers deep
All the minstrels are tops when they whirl in their sleep,
But it's just at the moment the pleasant sleep stops,
That a flock of fine birds are the bright humming-tops.

"They were gay humming-tops when they spun in our view,
They are now humming-birds of the loveliest hue,
But they'll soon change from birds in the moon-flower copse
To a lot of blue, yellow, and green humming-tops.

"When the—"

"Oh, come, now," remarked the Moon Prince, "we are not so guileless as we may appear, and you must not fancy for a moment that you can entertain us for more than half a day with a set of verses that run on in that style. First the tops fall asleep to wake as humming-birds, then as humming-birds fall asleep and become tops. That is all very well; but when you come to build verse after verse on that fact it is delightful if you are simply doing it to kill time, but when you come to recite these verses for the edification of intelligent creatures, it is pretty fair to assume that the intelligent creatures stand a splendid chance of getting the worst of it."

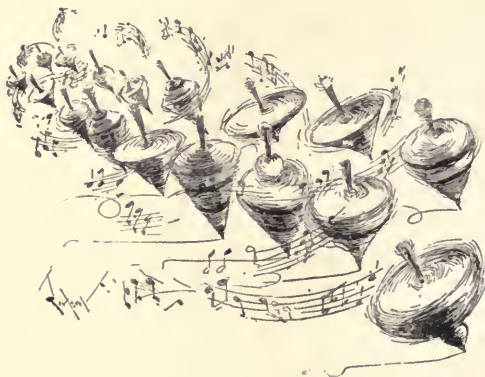
"Horrible! most horrible!" exclaimed the farmer,

delighted to have an opportunity to agree with the Moon Prince, and efface the impression made by his unhallowed outburst when Johnny inquired after the age of the moon.

"Do humming-birds sing songs?" asked Johnny.

"They do in the moon," replied Flowerbell. "They are not like your earth humming-birds, that only buzz like bees. The humming-birds of the moon sing songs."

"That is all very true," put in the Roasted Pig, "but I yet have my criticism to render upon the 'Top's Dream.' As a Roasted Pig I beg to protest against the infliction of such a creation upon decent people. It jingles all



THE HUMMING-TOPS, HUMMING.

right, but is simply a series of repetitions. I can compose one like it without thought and on the spot."

"Do it," they said—"do it!"

So the Roasted Pig wiped his eye-glasses, and while fanning himself with his great straw hat, proceeded :

THE CAT OF CHICKADEE.

“There was a cat in Chickadee
Whose head was large and round;
Sometimes she slept way up a tree,
Sometimes upon the ground.

“When she was happy, slumber-bound
Upon the grassy sea,
She wasn’t sleeping very sound
Way up the waving tree.

“But when asleep way up the tree
That lispig leaves surround,
She wasn’t—alas! alack! ah me!—
A-sleeping on the ground.”

At the close the Roasted Pig turned a hand-spring, and tossing his hat and glasses in the air, caught them as they descended—the hat upon his head, the glasses upon his nose.

“Well done, good Mr. Roasted Pig!” said Johnny.

“Please don’t mister me,” replied the Roasted Pig, in a tone that showed how put out he was. “Just plain Roasted Pig on first acquaintance. When you know me a little better you may simply call me Pig, and if we should ever become intimate friends I shall be happy to have you address me in terms of affection as plain Roasted. But never call me Mr. Roasted Pig, or Roasted Pig, Esquire.”

Johnny promised to remember this, and to hope for the time when he should call him simply Roasted.

They were all happy but Tumpty Tum the Rhymer. He made them feel that he was deeply offended at the gratuitous off-hand manner in which they criticised his attempt to afford them amusement and instruction.

"If you didn't like the song, why did you ask me to sing it? I didn't come along asking you if you would like to hear the 'Top's Dream,' and requesting you to beg me to recite it. I am sure I have gained nothing by it."

"We are all quite certain of that," said the Roasted Pig, "and we did not wish to be rude to you for the sake of causing you mental pain. We simply wanted you to know that you were imposing upon us, though perhaps unconsciously. We will assume that you intended no imposition, and drop the matter."

"Then I shall feel perfectly justified in keeping upon friendly terms with you," replied Tumpy Tum the Rhymer.

"Oh, look at that!" exclaimed Johnny.

They all looked, and down the path came the hoops, rolling along as though being driven by children. The sticks would hit them and guide them round the corners in the neatest manner. And then the marbles came out and had a game. The Blue Agate divided the marbles with the Red Agate, and then they commenced to see who could win the bagful. The Red Agate was very avaricious, and didn't seem to be able to win enough. Whenever he lost a marble he would turn redder with feeling than he was naturally. This was very amusing to the Blue Agate, who was not avaricious at all, but played for the fun of it, and intended returning his winnings should he be fortunate. One by one the marbles went to the avaricious Red Agate, who was smiling with happiness. Crack! crack! went the marbles, until every one was in the receptacle of the avaricious Red Agate.

"Now, then, let me see if I can win you!" exclaimed the avaricious Red Agate.

The Blue Agate set itself up for a mark, and bang went the avaricious Red Agate against it. But the avaricious Red Agate was smashed into a thousand pieces and distributed all over the Toy Garden.

"What a beautiful moral!" observed the Moon Prince.

"It is just what should happen to every one who wants all he sees, and can never be satisfied with a substantial success," said Johnny.

"I am not much of a moralist," murmured the Roasted Pig, "so I should prefer to be allowed to remain silent, and observe the wonders of the Toy Garden at my ease. Just see here; if I am not mistaken these are the lead soldiers!"

Sure enough, there was a sound of drumming, and down the path came the lead soldiers, not walking, but gliding along on the platforms



THE ROASTED PIG.

moulded on their feet. The horsemen went ahead, and it was a grand sight. Some of the soldiers were in red and others in blue, and there were a sufficient number of them to stretch almost across the walk and make a beautiful lead military display.

"I suppose if a bullet should hit one of them it would become a part of him!" said Johnny.

The Moon Prince did not reply, and as the Toy Garden was quite new to the Roasted Pig and the farmer, nothing was said, Tumpty Tum the Rhymer not caring to again make himself a general butt of ridicule.

As the lead soldiers passed out of sight, along came

the Noah's Ark. It was on four wheels, and moved along as though wound up. Directly in its rear came the elephants, wagging their heads on hinges. Like the other animals, they were upon platforms, and the platforms ran along on wheels. One of the elephants became displeased at some indignity, fancied or real, and illustrated his feelings by kicking his hind wheels in the air. Behind the elephants came the camels, moving dreamily and noiselessly along, as though upon a dreary palm-dotted desert far from a crystal spring. The camels were followed by the bears on their hinder feet, and the bears by the antelopes.

"What makes that reindeer look so woe-begone and disconsolate?" inquired the Roasted Pig, demurely.

"I fancy he has had half his face chipped off, and the white pine is shining through his painted skin," replied the Moon Prince. "It does make him look rather cast down, I am willing to admit."

"He should be thankful," observed Johnny, "that his face is chipped instead of one of his wheels being broken off. What good would his four feet be to him if he had but three wheels to get along on?"

"Such a condition is altogether too sad to contemplate," put in the Roasted Pig. "What do you say if we refrain from contemplating it?"

"I am perfectly willing if the rest are," said Tumpty Tum the Rhymer.

Flowerbell and Johnny said they would be only too happy not to dwell upon such a sad thing.

"Now why don't you say something?" demanded the Roasted Pig of the farmer.

"Because I have nothing to say," replied the farmer.

"Do you always keep still when you have nothing to say?"

ONE OF THE ELEPHANTS KICKED HIS HIND WHEELS IN THE AIR.



"Always," responded the weary agriculturist, "except when eating."

"Then," they said in chorus, "you are the wisest man we ever met, and we are going to introduce you to Silversmith the Tenth as the Philosophic Farmer, and suggest that he make you a Prime-minister. And we shall hereafter treat you with profound respect."

The Philosophic Farmer seemed greatly pleased, as he watched the animals of the Noah's Ark pass out of sight around a clump of bushes, and the tin animals appear in their wake. The tin animals were quite as dignified and self-conscious as tin animals could well be as they moved down the path. The spotted horses and the brindled cows made a fine display, as did the various sheep and pigs.

"Beautiful animals!" said the Philosophic Farmer, abruptly.

"Why don't you say more?" asked the Moon Prince.

"Nothing more to be said!" responded the Philosophic Farmer.

The Moon Prince then jumped on his foot.

"Ouch!" exclaimed the Philosophic Farmer.

"Is that all?" asked Flowerbell.

"All that's necessary," responded the Philosophic Farmer, seriously.

Then the stuffed birds followed the tin animals down the walk, and soon the whole procession, which was a long and imposing one, wound out of sight around a corner of the silvery moon path, and all was still. .

"They are rehearsing for the owl's ball," observed the Moon Prince, when the procession moved out of sight. "To-morrow night at this time we shall be there. Suppose we take a little rest under this tree?"

They all seated themselves under the tree.

“Turn it on!” commanded the Moon Prince.

The tree was an old black one, and apparently dead. But as soon as Tumpty Tum the Rhymer turned the crank, similar to one of those on a gas-jet, the whole tree was white with the most fragrant flowers, that rippled in the air, and filled all the Toy Garden with the balmy spirit of spring-time.

VII

THE effect of the old black tree bursting forth into blossom on the turning of the crank was something not easily described. Tumpy Tum the Rhymer knew all about it before, as well as did the Moon Prince. But to the Roasted Pig, Johnny, and the Philosophic Farmer, it was quite new. The Roasted Pig, though raised on a farm, knew little of the agricultural art aside from beans, and even the Philosophic Farmer himself—the man with the agricultural gift—had never dreamed of anything like it. Occasionally a flock of gayly plumed birds would be attracted by the odorous blossoms and fly to the tree. But just as they were about to alight the Moon Prince would twist the crank and turn the flowers off, much to the disappointment of the poor birds, that would fly away as though under a spell of superstitious awe.

The Roasted Pig and the Philosophic Farmer apologized for their unsociability by saying that they always retired for the night early on the farm, and that they could scarcely keep their eyes open. They were told they might fall asleep if they so desired, and in a very few moments they were, no doubt, dreaming of the probable success of the bean crop, and a possible aftermath of something else.

And shortly after, the others fell asleep under the white flower-tree, and dreamed away the silvery hours

until it was time to be stirring for another day. Then, at the suggestion of Flowerbell, they proceeded to the palace to be in readiness for the festivities of the evening. It is not necessary to say that their appearance created some surprise. Princess Roseflake was frightened when they appeared where she was reading what was to her a fairy tale—a tale in an earth book which Johnny happened to have when he met Flowerbell, then a squirrel, on the fence near his father's house.

“I am so glad to see you, Flowerbell, and you too, Johnny. But who is the horrid gentleman on your left?”

“The Philosophic Farmer, the greatest and most remarkable man in the whole realm of Silversmith the Tenth.”

“Why is he so wonderful?” asked pretty little Roseflake, brushing the amber curls back from the snowiest of snowy foreheads.

“Because,” replied Flowerbell, “he never speaks when he has nothing to say.”

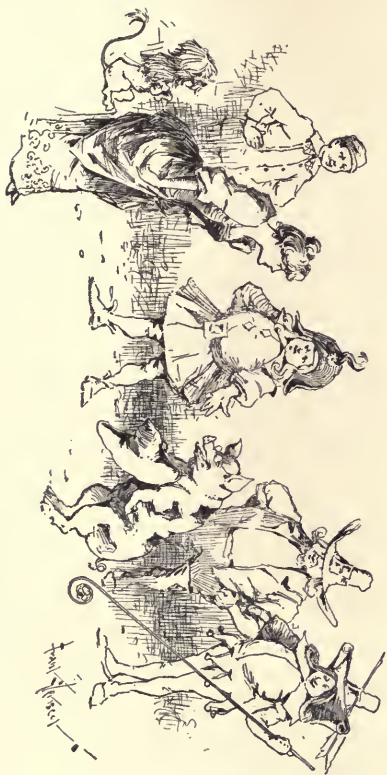
“And who is this singular creature with the eyeglasses?” asked the Moon Princess, eying the Roasted Pig from head to feet.

“This is the Roasted Pig!”

The Moon Princess withdrew with apparent aversion, and was very much surprised when the Roasted Pig made a most polite and diplomatic bow, and said, noticing her coldness:

“’Tis true I am but a poor Roasted Pig of little pretension. I am a fair authority on the subject of beans, and am the bean shepherd, if such a term be permissible, of the Philosophic Farmer, who never speaks when he has nothing to say. I have come here

“THE ROASTED PIG MADE A MOST POLITE AND DIPLOMATIC BOW.”



with him and Tumpty Tum the Rhymer at the kind invitation of the Prince, your brother, to attend the ball given in honor of the return of the Owl to the moon, and I trust I may have the honor and the pleasure of walking through a minuet with you."

"You are the most charming pig I ever met," replied the Moon Princess, making a slight bow, "and you shall dance with me during the evening."

The Roasted Pig bowed gracefully in acknowledgment of the delicate consideration of the Moon Princess, while the others were spellbound at his audacity in addressing Roseflake in such a familiar manner. The Philosophic Farmer said nothing, either because he had nothing to say, or because he was too overcome for utterance, but at the bottom of his heart he entertained a deep-seated respect for the Roasted Pig that he had never before felt.

Roseflake reported that she had been in the kitchen a short time before, and that some cakes were being made that would astonish them at the feast. Then she went away to attend to some duty, and in walked the Librarian, blowing smoke from his eyes, followed by the French Poodle that could not speak English, which made him at home at court.

The Roasted Pig was frightened when he saw the Librarian blowing smoke wreaths from his eyes in such a dreamy manner.

"Perhaps," he said to himself, "this is the fellow who smokes pigs, and they have just brought me here under the pretence of taking me to a ball in order to smoke me."

"What's the matter?" asked Flowerbell.

"I fear that you have brought me here to smoke me. If you have, I shall surely be ruined, for a pig

should be smoked before roasted, and not roasted before smoked."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Moon Prince; which sentiment was echoed by Johnny.

"Why don't you say something to set his mind at rest?" they demanded of the Philosophic Farmer.

"Nothing to be said," replied the agriculturist.

"It would be difficult to lose you in the fog," said Johnny, wishing to turn the subject of conversation, as he watched the Librarian walking about through the clouds of smoke he emitted.

"Impossible," was the reply of the Librarian. "I can read fine type in the densest smoke. But my eyes are a little weak now, as I got some dust in them



THE PHILOSOPHIC
FARMER.

yesterday while exercising the furniture."

The Moon Prince and Tumpty Tum the Rhymer paid no attention to the remark of the Librarian, as the exercising of the furniture was a common weekly occurrence. But to the others its meaning was not clear. Flowerbell noticed this, and probably thought it would be far easier to exercise a table or two than to explain it. So he asked the Librarian if he would treat them to such a performance. The latter said he would be only too happy to comply, as he had a table that was greatly fatigued from holding up a number of heavy scientific books. In fact, one of its legs was defective, and he thought a good run would do it good.

So, at a magic word from the Librarian, the table stood up on those members which might be termed the hinder legs, and capered about more gracefully than could have been expected of such a clumsy piece of furniture. Then it ran out ; but ran like a dog on three legs, on account of the defective member. When in the open air it trotted along, and jumped nimbly over anything that happened in its way.

The Librarian guided its movements with a wand, and seemed as proud as a ring-master in a country circus. Sometimes it would circle round and round, and occasionally it would take a good swift run, and then slide along on its casters, like a boy on a frozen pool. After it had been running about in this way for some time, the Librarian shouted to his favorite high stool, the one he stood upon to reach books when the step-ladder was not to be found, and out it came, trotting along like a stork. The manner in which it jumped over various objects showed it to be a very active stool. It could run very much faster than the table, on account of the latter's lame leg, and found no trouble in keeping at the front. After a while it wearied of running, and jumped lightly upon the table, as a circus equestrian would upon a horse, and turned the nimblest summersaults as the table kept upon its way. No matter how the table pranced or changed its motion, the stool maintained its position with the surefootedness of an ibex. After they had been at this kind of exercise for perhaps half an hour, the Librarian said,

“Go back to the library.”

Back ran the table, closely followed by the high stool, and they were soon in their accustomed places.

They were followed by Flowerbell, Johnny, and the

rest of the party, all of whom had something to say on the subject of the furniture circus except the Philosophic Farmer, who probably imagined that it didn't require critical remark.

Once more in the library, Flowerbell pointed to the manikins—the little men that told stories upon their



THE FUNNY MANIKIN.

buttons being touched, and saved people the trouble of reading—and said to the Librarian,

“Please bring down the Funny Manikin that tells the story of the bottle-green step-mother of the blue gander that flew away with the pearl necklace of the cross-eyed Princess with the corpulent pug that couldn't wake up until stepped upon.”

“The manikin that tells that story is out, being duplicated in French that

it may be enjoyed by the French Poodle that cannot speak English. There is a moral in the pug part of that story that I would impress upon the French Poodle's mind.”

“Then give us ‘Catullus Magee and the Musical Tree,’ if the manikin is not being oiled to roll off the lines smoothly.”

The Librarian looked over the row of manikins, and finally found the one he wanted. Taking it down, he stood it upon the table, where it bowed politely when the button was touched, and began :

CATULLUS MAGEE AND THE MUSICAL TREE.

"There was once a small boy named Catullus Magee,
And his father lived under a musical tree
That discoursed, when Catullus was happy and good,
The most beautiful airs at the edge of the wood.

"But whenever Catullus was naughty and bad,
All the airs of the tree were both doleful and sad.
And to learn his son's conduct, old Mr. Magee
Would but have to consult the green musical tree.

"If the tree gave a woe-begone, sorrowful howl,
And they missed from the cupboard a patty of fowl,
Then the father would play, with a movement most rare,
A quick birchen tattoo on his small son and heir.

"If the tree made a moan at the noon of the day,
It declared that Catullus from school was away,
And without further question, when homeward he came,
He would find his anatomy more than aflame.

"When Catullus one day was both merry and good,
Loud the tree played sad airs at the edge of the wood.
All awake in the odorous breezes of June,
The melodious branches were all out of tune.

"Then said Mr. Magee: 'Oh, no musical tree
Hence shall make me believe what I can't plainly see;
Never more sign or symbol shall govern my acts,
The next whipping you get shall be founded on facts.

"'I have whipped you, though good, when the music was sad.'
'Yes, indeed, sir, you have,' coincided the lad.
For each thrashing apologized Mr. Magee,
And the next day he chopped down the musical tree."

"I never supposed you had signs and symbols in
the moon," observed Johnny.

"Well, we have," replied Flowerbell, "and we have lots of them too, just as you have on the earth." Then turning to the company, he continued: "If an earth farmer sees a woodchuck sitting on a gate-post scratching himself behind the left ear with the right foot, it is a sign that there will be snow inside of three days and a half. And they have many other signs quite as quaint and singular. Would you," he continued, pointing to the Roasted Pig, "mind explaining a few of the signs of the moon?"

"Of course not," responded the Roasted Pig. "To begin with, if you meet a three-legged rabbit waltzing in a potato-patch with a near-sighted partridge, it means that inside of a week there is going to be a shower of white cocoa-nut cakes. When you hear a soprano mud hen singing a love-song in an alto voice to a spectacled Guinea-pig with a rose-cold, it is a sure sign that there is going to be a green-cheese famine in the moon. When a white pig turns black and his black spots white, and he whistles impromptu airs that cause the beans to bake in their pods, it is a sign that the winter will be open if it is not shut. I hardly think, as the Philosophic Farmer would say, that there is anything more to be said on the subject."

Just then the French Poodle that couldn't speak English heard some alien footsteps without, and commenced barking as he stood with his fore-feet upon the library window-sill. They all looked out, and Johnny supposed he saw a number of skeletons out for a walk. Some had on whole suits, others just an overcoat, and some simply a coat and vest. He didn't think it anything wonderful that the French Poodle that couldn't speak English should bark so hard. But

the skeletons paid no attention to it, continuing in their walk, though all were silent.

"Who are those skeletons, anyway?" asked Johnny.

"They are not skeletons at all," replied Tumpy Tum the Rhymer; "they are a lot of clothing-frames out for an airing — principally to air the clothes — and to advertise the latest styles. Is there anything about it that surprises you?" asked the rhymer, with a smile.



THE FRENCH POODLE.

"There is," Johnny replied.

"It all surprises me."

"Well," said Tumpy Tum, "wait until you see the latest bonnet display of the moon."

"Here it comes now!" exclaimed the Roasted Pig, as he executed a graceful jig step. "Here it comes now!"

They all looked in the direction in which the Roasted Pig pointed, and saw a dim cloud. But as the cloud came nearer it lost its sombre character. It became a mixture of all colors. Here was a little pink, there a little blue, and again some yellow melting into green, and from the green into orange and *écru*. Nearer and nearer it came, and the cloud seemed to separate into round objects, which in a little while appeared in their true character of bonnets.

"If I had my gun here," said Johnny, "I could bring down a dozen."

Nothing was said at this comment, and the bonnets slacked up in their flight, to be seen and enjoyed by the many women about the palace. They fluttered about in the most graceful circles, their flowers trem-

bling in the air, and their ribbons streaming like so many kite tails, and their birds singing: "Who'll buy? who'll buy?" but all the time kept out of reach in the most tantalizing, tempting manner, it seemed to those who wanted them most. But with all their flowery charms they at length passed on. And no sooner had they vanished than there was a great clatter on the ground, and along came the latest styles of shoes on a gentle trot. It seemed funny to see the shoes bend at the insteps as they proceeded upon their business journey. The heavy shoes came down in a business-like way, the evening gaiters had an airy, frivolous manner, while the patent-leather pumps moved about in circles as though waltzing. It was a very pretty and novel sight, and it was greatly enjoyed by the on-lookers, but very much more so when the last pair, an honest pair of tramping-shoes, sang what we may not inappropriately call

A CALF-SKIN LYRIC.

"May we wear for a very long time,
May we never be checkered with holes,
May we long know our leathery prime,
And outwear at least three sets of soles.

"May we not stiffly squeak as we go
On our journey, but loose may we feel,
And throughout our existence, oh! oh!
May we never run down at the heel.

"May our lives like a minuet flee,
And unpaired never be our sad lot;
And alas! oh, may one never be
All worn out when the other is not."

"Not at all bad for a pair of shoes," said Tumpty

Tum the Rhymer, in a tone which, though patronizing, still had a flavor of professional envy in it.

"Those," observed the Moon Prince, with reverence, "are not new shoes, and yet they will never be old. They originally belonged to a great moon poet, and like his fame, they cannot die. They are wandering about because there isn't a poet in the realm big enough to wear them."

There might have been a further discussion on the subject of the divine art of poetry, but at that moment an unknown voice was heard singing

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

"There will be a grand ball to-night, to-night,
The grandest the moon has seen,
And again will our long-lost owl be white
As the cheese of the moon is green.

"All draped with the softest of plumes, of plumes,
That the moon with silver soaks,
He'll sit 'mid the richest of rich perfumes,
While he gurgles with honest jokes.

"He'll not be the lonely sad *bird*, sad *bird*,
He is on the solemn earth;
He'll be just the jolliest ever heard,
While he's coruscating with mirth."

Then the French Poodle that couldn't speak English said, "*Quelle heure est-il ?*"

"Why, it's almost eight!" they exclaimed, in chorus; "and it is high time that we were getting ready for the Owl's ball."

VIII

At the appointed hour the ball-room was lighted by a miniature moon. This moon first appeared like the bud of a white rose, but when the hour for the ball to begin arrived, this pretty bud softly unfolded itself into a moon that flooded the room with a glory of pearly light. The music, which was soft and dreamy, came from the trumpets of the many flowers set about to beautify the room. The floor was like a sea of unrippled moonlight. It looked as though it would be made perfect if some boat of pearl should idly float upon its surface, or a lily or two were tossed upon its bosom.

Finally the huge silk curtain was held aside at the entrance, and in came the army of lead soldiers, marching just as they had been when seen in the Toy Garden. After they had marched around the room, they halted and stood in two long columns against one of the walls.

Then entered the Noah's Ark, drawn by eight toy elephants, and behind the ark the animals proceeded with a martial solemnity that was very charming, and seldom seen in wooden animals. After them came all the tin animals, and then appeared the stuffed birds and the humming-tops and the checkers. Then came the invited guests, the rear being brought up by the Philosophic Farmer. Tumpty Tum the Rhymer and

the Roasted Pig, Flowerbell, and Johnny were together, and Roseflake was in a silver boat that was drawn through the pearly air by twenty graceful swans.

The King sat on a throne at one end of the room, and at that spot persons who desired the honor were presented to him. He was greatly impressed with the Roasted Pig when he noticed the graceful manner in which he danced with Roseflake. In fact, every one envied the Roasted Pig the high honor he was enjoying.

"Why, it seems preposterous," remarked Silversmith the Tenth, "that a Roasted Pig should have the manner of a Prime-minister. I never heard of such a thing before, and I don't believe its parallel is to be found in the whole range of the fairy literature of the moon."

Having made such an impression, Flowerbell considered it his duty to present the Roasted Pig, that he might enjoy the benefit of the King's admiration.

"To be sure, I am nothing but a simple, unassuming Roasted Pig," he said, in reply to the King's compliment.

"I beg to differ with you, Sir Roasted," said the King, familiarly. "You are such a wonderful creation that I am going to create you Agricultural Minister."

The poor Roasted Pig was temporarily delighted, and blushed to the roots of his bristles. The room seemed to swim, so that he could hardly realize where he was.

"Who is this curious creature?" asked the King.

"This man," said the Roasted Pig—now Sir Roasted—"is the Philosophic Farmer, who never speaks when he has nothing to say."

Silversmith the Tenth was delighted, and anticipated

the suggestion of the Moon Prince by creating him a Prime-minister on the spot.

"The present Prime-minister must take your place upon the farm, and ascertain for me if the tilling of the soil is conducive to the philosophic temperament."

Then the King touched them, and the robes of the Prime-minister were upon the Philosophic Farmer, while the patched garments of the latter appeared in all their variegated picturesqueness upon the Prime-minister, who looked daggers, or rather pitchforks, at the newly-created diplomat, who appeared wise, but said nothing.

"I would dance in my ineffable joy," murmured the King, "upon finding so valuable a servant; but as I cannot dance with my crown on, because of its unseemly wobbling all over my head and down on my eyes, I would have you wear it." So he clapped his sparkling crown upon the head of the Philosophic Farmer, and became the liveliest dancer in the room. In fact, his long flowing cloak seemed in the way of his feet as he skipped and pirouetted about. "I tell you," said Silversmith the Tenth, "I never enjoyed myself so much before."

"All because the crown was on another's head," remarked the Philosophic Farmer, offering it back. "Take it; it has given me a headache."

The King was greatly pleased until the Philosophic Farmer said, in a supplicating tone:

"Will not you have mercy on Sir Roasted and myself, and restore us to our original positions on the farm? We can only be happy and independent there; and I am sure your old Prime-minister will be as unhappy there as we shall be here."

"Please grant our simple request, good Silversmith.

I know nothing of theoretical farming, and am therefore unfit for the position of Agricultural Minister.

"Oh, I am the pork, pork, pork,
But where are my beans, beans, beans?"

wept the Roasted Pig, bitterly.

"You are altogether too valuable here to waste your time on a bean farm," replied the King.

"Suppose," said the Philosophic Farmer, "that I change my tactics, and go right on talking by the hour when I really have nothing to say, then what?"



SILVERSMITH THE TENTH ENJOYING HIMSELF.

"Then I will turn you into a donkey," replied the King, with just a tinge of feeling, "and have you driven uphill all day before a plough; that's what!"

The Philosophic Farmer thought it best to offer no further suggestions, lest the King put his terrible threat into execution, but to abandon his dream of happiness, and to accept with as good grace as possible the, to him, terrible alternative of remaining Prime-minister. But it made him very sore, as it did the Roasted Pig. They stood apart, and spoke lovingly of the humble home in which they had been so happy, and of the waving hills and meadows, and thought painfully of the unlucky day when they met the Moon Prince and Johnny.

"If we had had but the forethought to conceal our virtues and good qualities, we should still be happy," moaned the Philosophic Farmer, with perhaps a flavor of conceit. "But I, in saying too little, alas! said too much; while you, with your graceful manners and flowery compliments, are sadly undone."

"Oh, look here!" exclaimed the King, with a laugh.

They all looked; and there stood the French Poodle that could understand but not speak English. He had on a white satin swallow-tail that looked as though made of moonlight, a pair of dainty high-heeled slippers, and a delicate pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Why do you wear spectacles?" inquired Tumpy Tum the Rhymer.

"*Je porte des lunettes parce que j'ai la vue mauvaise,*" replied the French Poodle, with a courtly bow.

This polite reply threw Silversmith into such convulsions of laughter that he had to hold his crown on with his hands, as he would a straw-hat in a high wind.

"Don't you think it would be a favorable time to

ask the King to send us back to our dearly beloved farm, now that he shakes with the laughter of innocent joy?" inquired the Roasted Pig.

"It would not!" exclaimed Flowerbell, who had just been dancing with Roseflake. "It would have the effect of throwing him into a towering rage, and there is no telling what he might not do. Remember that I, his son and heir, was turned into a squirrel for months because I rifled a cake of its nuts, and then fancy what he would do with an Agricultural Minister, for instance."

They at once appreciated the sagacity of the Moon Prince's remarks, and decided to make the best of the unpleasant situation. But they were not left in such a state of quietude as to be able to spend much time in reflection. The bugles of the flowers discoursed a lively march, and from the cheering outside it was evident that the Owl was approaching. The stuffed birds tried to flutter with enthusiasm, several of the lead soldiers twisted their necks out of shape in attempting to cheer, and the dancing-pumps couldn't stand still.

The King was delirious with joy, Tummy Tum was bubbling with rhyme, and the little moon that lit the room had an owl's face in it. Suddenly the Owl appeared, amid a tumult of excitement. It was one mass of the whitest, softest feathers, some of which trailed in the air like moon-beams. The long train feathers were held up by other birds—birds-in-waiting—and the owl was as happy as could be. Having reached the upper end of the room, it came dancing down towards the King in the liveliest manner, and the music had a hard time in accompanying the movements of its feet.

"You are no longer a solemn bird," said the King,

affectionately. "You are now the merry bird that you were originally. Is not this an improvement on roosting in a belfry?"

"Very much," replied the Owl, "when you have a keen sense of humor, such as I now have. My head used to almost split when the man below played chimes on the bell. The chimes were lovely enough in themselves, but the man was so unskilful that he made them as hideous as himself by missing a note occasionally and playing out of time. I used to solace myself by working my imagination until I fancied I was in a boiler factory. Are you fond of chimes?"

"When artistically rendered," replied the King. "But have you heard anything funny lately?"

"Yes," replied the owl; "I just heard a chimney-sweep come to the back door and complain of thirst."

"What is there funny in that?" demanded the King.

"Nothing. The fun was in my suggestion, if you will pardon my seeming vanity, that he be given a large drink of washing-soda."

The King humbly apologized for having criticised the Owl's joke before the climax, and promised never to be guilty of such a rudeness again.

"As I was walking in the garden this morning I heard a man singing a very funny song. It went something like this:

'When the cotton's softly growing on the sheep.'

"What was the rest of it?" asked the King, after the Owl had paused.

"I don't know," replied the Owl, "for the singer suddenly stopped singing and commenced whistling."

"Can you supply the rest of that song, Tumpty Tum?"

"SUDDENLY THE OWL APPEARED."



"Was there an allusion to an elephant with vegetable ivory tusks?" asked the Rhymer.

"How should I know," replied the Owl, sarcastically, "when the singer began the whistling? Perhaps he whistled something about an elephant with vegetable ivory tusks, but not understanding whistling, I couldn't say for certain."

"What kind of a rhymer are you, anyhow?" demanded the King. "You are employed to keep track of all the moon songs, and your salary is overdrawn into the bargain. Would you like to be turned into a small green tree, and have a flock of cat-birds sing the same song on your branches all day and all night long for, say, ten or twelve years?"

"I would not, sire," responded the rhymer, trembling like a short-haired dog on a cold gray day.

"Then you must mend your ways. It is nothing but the joyfulness of this festive occasion that prevents my making you wish you never were born. I am very sorry that I have heard the beginning of this song, for I shall always suffer to know the rest. Just think of such an opening:

"When the cotton's softly growing on the sheep!"

Please say something to make me forget it," said the King, in despair.

"All right," murmured the Roasted Pig, wishing to help the poor rhymer out of a bad scrape. So, turning to the Owl, he continued, "Do you find it pleasanter feeling funny than sad?"

"That is a very strange question," replied the Owl. "As a rule, it is pleasanter to feel funny than sad."

"But you cannot take anything seriously now, can you?"

"Nothing," replied the Owl, with a laugh; "not even a dose of medicine."

The King laughed with great feeling.

Then an attendant stepped up and inquired, "Have you forgotten it yet?"

"Forgotten what?" asked the King, fumbling in his pockets.

"Why, that lyric about the cotton softly growing on the sheep?"

"There, you have gone and reminded me of it again—refreshed my memory on the subject, if I may so put it—and you shall suffer for it!"

So the King turned him into a bass drum with a human sense of feeling, and ordered him to be pounded at every hour of the day, to tell the time, for six years.

"When a subject reminds me of a thing that I have been struggling for five minutes to forget, and puts me to all the trouble of forgetting it over again, he must be made an example of. I must only be reminded of things that I don't want to forget—such as umbrellas."

Here the officious subject who had been turned into a drum rolled down the steps from the platform upon which he had been standing. The King ordered the drum to be brought back and tightened until it should almost burst. He smiled pleasantly when he fancied the pain the poor drum was suffering, and then ordered the man who was to strike the hours on it to wax absent-minded now and then, and astonish the moon with the intelligence of the arrival of eighty-six o'clock, on pain of being turned into a foot-ball.

"Oh, if I were only back on the old bean-hill!" mused the Philosophic Farmer, or Prime-minister.

"Palaces may be very fine," thought the Roasted

Pig, or, rather, Sir Roasted Pig, the Agricultural Minister, "but if comfort, peace, and happiness go to make life enjoyable, then give me every time the humble cabin of the Philosophic Farmer, who never opens his mouth when he has nothing to say except when eating."

"Would you like to hear a royal poem, connected with a royal personage?" asked Tumpy Tum the Rhymer, wishing to distract the King's attention, and save themselves from probable disaster.

"We would—we would!" exclaimed the King.

"One day," began Tumpy Tum the Rhymer, "good old King Pearlbeam the Eighty-ninth met Sir Avaricious, the greediest man in the moon. Pearlbeam was the most sensitive King that ever sat upon the moon throne, and when Sir Avaricious said 'between you and I,' instead of 'between you and me,' the King was so aggravated and upset that he couldn't eat mushrooms for three days. But perhaps I am interfering with your enjoyment of the Owl's ball?"

"Not a bit," said the King; "we enjoy the ball all the more for the pleasant diversion of your poems."

"Thanks, sire!" exclaimed the happy rhymer; "I will begin at once with

THE PUNISHMENT OF SIR AVARICIOUS.

"One time Sir Avaricious
A strange adventure had—
Whether a thing was woful,
Or whether it was glad,
He couldn't tell, which often
Made him extremely sad.

"One day the King was happy,
And feeling at his best,

When for Sir Avaricious
He dropped a 'merry jest,'
And on the same his judgment
Politely did request.

"His subject, sorely puzzled,
Out of his wonder woke,
And then in trembling language
Unto the monarch spoke:
'Was it a pearl of wisdom,
Or was it but a joke?

"'If 'twas a pearl of wisdom,
My praise shall be as cheers;
If 'twas a comic sally,
My laugh shall split your ears;
If 'twas a fact heart-rending,
My heart shall move to tears.'

"Then waved the angry monarch
His sceptre thin and frail,
As the perturbed tiger
Lashes his brindled tail
When piqued by something or other
O'er which he can't prevail.

"He rent him not asunder,
He put not out his eyes,
But in the gentlest manner,
Sans 'ifs,' sans 'buts,' sans 'whys,'
He led Sir Avaricious,
Greatly to his surprise,

"Into a bright green valley,
To a deep cave of gold,
Saying 'The door but open,
And riches have untold;
There are as many keys as
The largest ring will hold.'

“As in the Christmas window
Poor ragged children look
At painted pasteboard camel
And pretty picture-book,
The rich cave door this mortal
Into his vision took.

“First one key, then another,
Sir Avaricious tried,
But ne’er the one discovered
That this great want supplied—
There being several thousand,
He naturally sighed.

“After one key proved useless
It mingled with the mass;
He never found the right one,
Which did his soul harass,
With many a woful ‘Gracious!’
And many a sore ‘Alas!’

“’Twas thus he vainly struggled
For many a night and day,
Until his limbs grew weary,
And all his hair was gray;
But seeing, through the key-hole,
The gold, his heart was gay.

“The door was never opened,
And all because the King
Made him an object-lesson
Prime wisdom wide to fling—
He never put the right key
At all upon the ring.

“The whole moon shook with laughter
At Pearlbeam’s funny deed,
Which cured Sir Avaricious
Of his exceeding greed,
And a fine sense of humor
Gave him with lightning speed.”

IX

"CHARMING," said the King—"charming, and I shall be only too happy to forgive you for not being able to repeat the poem of the cotton softly growing on the sheep."

"But don't you think King Pearlbeam displayed great wisdom in curing Sir Avaricious by laughter, instead of by a cruel vengeance?"

"I am not prepared to say on such short notice," replied the King. "It is all well enough for you who are not a King to belittle the practice of torture upon those deserving it, but my experience is that it is a very satisfactory diversion, especially on a dull day when there is nothing else in the form of excitement to be had. But to show you that I am not totally depraved in my tyranny, I shall now bring this chair back to its original self."

The chair, when touched, jumped into the air, and came down a thick-set man with a slight Spanish accent.

"Thank you very much," exclaimed the happy mortal.

"Do you know why I turned this baker into a chair?" asked the King.

"No," they replied in chorus.

"Because one day he made a caricature of me in gingerbread, and asked me if I didn't think it lifelike."

Here the French Poodle that couldn't speak English came whining to the King. It seems that he was lying on the chair asleep when, in being turned back into a baker, the latter tossed him into the air and hurt his feelings.

"Why don't you bite him?" laughed the Librarian.

"*Il faut aimer tout le monde même nos ennemis!*" replied the Poodle, with a fine sense of what, under the circumstances, might be called heroic kindness and consideration.

At this time a queer little old woman, known as the Grandmother of Pearl, entered the ball-room, and commenced watering the flower bugles to freshen them and enable them to discourse lively music, as they were beginning to wilt. After she had departed, Johnny was greatly astonished at seeing a large table come up through the floor. It was covered with every imaginable dainty, and it had not been in sight a great while before it was surrounded by a most appreciative body of delighted beings.

The great cakes had doors in their sides, which swung open, and out ran a lot of little men bearing the mottoes and bonbons they contained to every part of the table. After they had been distributed, the



GRANDMOTHER OF PEARL.

little men turned into deliciously cooked birds, and lay down on the plates to be eaten. Another cake, the largest of the lot, turned into a ring that looked like a rainbow. It floated about in the air as though suspended. Into this ring flew the Owl, and perched upon its lower side, and swung happily to and fro all over the room, guiding it gently with its great white plumes, until it seemed to be swimming on the moonlight. The King ate ravenously of the imaginary sheep and moon bears, off plates that in reality were empty, while the French Poodle ate nothing but bonbons, and the Moon Prince carefully avoided anything resembling nut-cake. Johnny thought it the loveliest party he ever attended, and secretly wished his little sister there to enjoy it with him. The King was as happy as the Librarian, and the Librarian was as happy as a King as he skipped nimbly about. The Roasted Pig eyed the vegetables with the glance of love peculiar to an agricultural minister, and the Philosophic Farmer looked on quietly, but uttered not a word.

Finally the Librarian gave the table a peculiar magic touch, and it commenced to run around the room, leaving the guests in their chairs gazing upon all in mute wonder.

"Be not at all disconcerted," said the King, greatly pleased at the unexpected pleasure of a joke; "the table is only running around to warm the edibles a bit."

"Laugh, laugh!" said Tumptum, "or the King will be very angry. Remember the punishment of Sir Avaricious."

They thereupon began to laugh as hard as possible, even those who did not hear what the King had said. This greatly pleased the monarch, and put him in such



KING SILVERSMITH'S FEAST.

a splendid humor that he became absent-minded, and tossed a tea-biscuit in the air, catching it in his teeth as it descended, and then ordered a fresh stock of Christmas-trees to be planted in the Toy Garden, to bear twelve crops of toys every year.

This royal order greatly pleased Roseflake's little brothers and sisters, and struck Johnny as being a poetically beautiful idea. By this time the table had returned, and was standing quietly in its accustomed place, when the King suddenly began to run, under the impression that the birds he had been eating were trying to pluck out his eyes. Out of the room he ran pursued by every one, and the table also. When he looked through his fingers and saw the table, he shouted,

"Oh, the birds I have eaten would pluck out mine eyes!"

"How can they pluck out your eyes if you have eaten them?" asked the Philosophic Farmer.

"Why, of course they couldn't!" acknowledged the King, with a foolish look.

"Will you kindly grant us the privilege of laughing at you without disastrous results to ourselves?"

"It is a good joke, and should therefore be enjoyed, and the only way to enjoy a joke is to laugh heartily."

They all laughed, including the King, who joined in to satisfy them that a joke at his expense was quite as delightful as one at another's.

"When do we go to Molasses River on that picnic to be given in Johnny's honor?" sang the Owl, floating about in its beautiful ring, with its soft white plumes trailing in the moonlight.

"To-morrow, at 8.37, if possible," said the King.

"And now I think we had better unmoon the room and retire for the night."

So the little moon that lighted the room descended, and was put between two tin pie-plates, and secreted in a drawer, the French Poodle baying it as it was being wrapped up. All the wooden animals, lead soldiers, stuffed birds, dancing-pumps, and clothing-frames followed; for, of course, all Moonland was light enough for them to find their way. And in less than half an hour after the King had brought the Owl's ball to a close the palace was wrapt in silence, and all was as serene and lovely as a breezy midsummer night.

The order of Silversmith the Tenth to have the Cinderella coaches at the palace door at 8.37 was obeyed to the letter, or rather to the figure.

When Sir Roasted Pig, the Agricultural Minister, observed the pumpkins being turned into coaches, he was as dumfounded as was the Philosophic Farmer, who thought that all there was to be said on the subject was simply, "Well!"

As the coaches came up, the people who were going to the picnic all became small enough to occupy them, just as Johnny had when he took his first drive with his little friend and playmate the Moon Prince.

It was a most charming drive to the Molasses River, and the hour it occupied seemed little more than ten minutes. The King cracked jokes with every one, and the French Poodle barked as he looked out of the coach window at the wonders along the way.

Before they had proceeded a great distance they saw a funny-looking old fellow sitting under a tree by the way, singing. He seemed to be in a very happy mood as he swung his arms about and kicked his feet as though dancing in the air.

"There he is now. I wonder if he has them mended yet?" asked the Librarian, with a smile of joy.

"There is who?" asked the King. "And what do you wonder if he has mended yet?"

"That's the man that mends the story manikins," replied the Librarian; "and I am wondering if he has the 'Adopted Nephew of the Sage-green Elephant with the Glass Eye' done?"

"Hi, there, my good fellow!" shouted the King; "have you the 'Adopted Nephew of the Sage-green Elephant with the Glass Eye' finished yet?"

"Not quite," replied the Mender of the Story-manikins. "He had his main-spring broken in pronouncing the word pterodactyl, which word has since been eliminated from the story. I wish to keep the Story-manikin a day or two longer to see how he works."

"You have not tampered with the story itself?"

"The story is intact from the 'Once upon a time' to the final syllable."

"The reason I speak on the subject," said the King, "is that your great-grandfather, who was also a Story-Manikin Mender, once purloined a story from a manikin, and by so doing broke the set. Since that time we have only the title, and it is impossible to replace the narrative."

"How so?" asked the Manikin Mender.

"Because its title, 'Sickle Pickle,' gives no idea upon which to base a story. Now, had it been called 'The Apotheosis of the Apothecary,' it would have been possible to invent a new story."

"I can only say," remarked the Story-Manikin Mender, "that you will find the story intact in every

manikin returned to your Librarian by me. But what became of my great-grandfather?"

"Your great-grandfather," continued the King, "has been missing since that particular time, and now that he has been missing some eighty years, it does not strike me as very likely that he will ever gladden us with the light of his countenance again."

"It is extremely sad," murmured the Story-manikin Mender; "but, to change the subject, are you now en route for Molasses River?"

"We are."

"Then I would that you would call upon me in my humble abode. I would show you a new invention of mine—a story kettle, a song kettle, and a dance kettle."

The King promised to call and hear the kettle tell stories, after which he delightedly introduced the Roasted Pig and the Philosophic Farmer.

"Here," said the Story-manikin Mender, with a honeyed smile, "is the heroic legend of the 'Sorghum and the Tantamount'; the Librarian might as well take it along. The 'Adopted Nephew of the Sage-green Elephant with the Glass Eye' will be sent home to-morrow, and 'The Barber and the Bald Eagle' early next week."

He bowed and withdrew, and the pretty little Cinderella coach rolled on.

"See if all the verses are in that poem," commanded the King. "I love that Molasses River poem, and wouldn't lose a verse of it for the moon."

The Librarian, having some bronchial trouble, whispered that he would count on his fingers, and when the magic button was touched, the manikin began:

THE ROMAUNT OF THE SORGHUM AND THE TANTAMOUNT.

“ ‘We’ve got to have a river King,’
The fairies said one day.
‘The Sorghum would be dignified
And solemn in his sway,
But then the agile Tantamount
Would jolly be and gay.’

“The Sorghum thought himself the one
To rule the syrup fount,
He thought his rival as a King
Would be of no account.
‘Oh, I’m the one the King to be,’
Argued the Tantamount.

“The feeling soon was running high,
And gained on all a hold,
Until they met one day, and soon
Hard things each other told—
Sarcastic was the Tantamount;
The Sorghum haughty, cold.

“ ‘Come on!’ the Tantamount exclaimed.
‘All right!’ the Sorghum said.
They grappled and they madly fought
Until the day was sped,
Then took a needed recess, for
’Twas time to go to bed.

“Upon the morrow lookers-on
A pretty combat saw;
The Tantamount most neatly worked
Away with tooth and claw,
Until the Sorghum held him down
Beneath his massive paw.

“ ‘How feel you now?’ the Sorghum asked.
The Tantamount to speak

Refused, but with a hind-foot blow
The Sorghum caused to seek
The earth, which must have given him
An earache for a week.

"The Sorghum at the Tantamount
Then made an awful roar,
And on the sugar banks they fell,
And, rolling o'er and o'er,
Fought as Sorghum and Tantamount
Had never fought before.

"But neither an advantage gained
When they had fought full half
A day, which to the patient judge—
A brindled old Riffraff—
Seemed so absurd that all the three
Joined in a merry laugh.

"The Sorghum then was made the King,
To ride the syrup seas;
The Tantamount, his noble foe
So valorous, to please,
Was then and there created King,
To rule the moon's green cheese.

"Unto this day the Sorghum's throne
Is on the river flats,
And still the supple Tantamount
The very best of cats,
Keeps ever from the lily moon's
Green cheese the mice and rats."

"That's right," said the Librarian, "ten."

"What's right? Ten what?" asked the King.

"I mean," said the Librarian, "that the poem is intact, because it has ten verses, and not a stanza is missing."

"Excuse me," replied the King, as he wiped the

THE SORGHUM AND THE TANTANOUNT.



perspiration from the inside of his crown, "but in my great hilarity I forgot that I asked you to count. Now count your fingers to see if you have ten, that I may be certain there is not a verse missing."

The poor Librarian counted his fingers seven times to see that they were all there, and then replied, "Yes; ten."

The King smiled.

"But the movement was not properly rendered," said the Librarian, as though communing with himself. "A musical movement rendered in an unmusical manner is not—"

"Not what?" exclaimed the King. "Not what? Not what?"

"Not what it should be," moaned the frightened Librarian. "I was about to say—"

"To say what?" broke in the King. "To say what? To say what?"

"That the song manikin did not render the 'Romaunt of the Sorghum and the Tantamount' properly, owing probably to the fact that, through having been recently repaired, he is a little stiff in the jaw, and requires oiling."

"Then why didn't you say it?" demanded the King.

"Because I could not get a chance. I simply wanted to apologize for the song manikin."

"Now that you have had the chance and taken advantage of it, do you feel that you have performed a noble duty that makes you feel better?"

"I do," replied the Librarian, who really didn't know whether he did or not.

"Then we all congratulate you upon the rapturous feeling that now thrills your being. But don't forget to oil the song manikin upon your return."

"It shall not be neglected."

"And don't allow him to chant the historical battle of the Sorghum and the Tantamount until he has been properly oiled. I trust his throat is not warped."

Upon the assurance of the Librarian that the song manikin was in perfect condition, barring the requisite oiling, the King acted as though he felt his reign to be a great success.

By this time they had reached that portion of the moon that is very sugary.

The hubs of the Cinderella coaches in which they were being driven touched the fine powdered white sugar that was occasionally wafted by the wind in a fine silvery dust.

"These spots upon the moon," observed Tumpy Tum the Rhymer, "are the footprints of the Sorghum. He has evidently been around here looking after his saccharine interests. And that great impression yonder was made by him when he lay down and lost himself in the aromatic mazes of a pleasant gummy dream."

"What kind of a person is this Mr. Sorghum?" asked Johnny.

"Not Mr. Sorghum," protested the King, pleasantly; "just plain Sorghum. He is a mass of good nature when not annoyed. But you shall shortly see him, and be able to judge for yourself. Do you notice a difference in the air?"

"I do," said Johnny.

"This is sugar air from Sugar Sea, into which Molasses River empties."

"I trust it is not very injurious to the teeth," said Johnny.

“It is not. But you shall see all—you shall see all,” exclaimed the King.

And a few minutes later the Cinderella coaches drew up on the banks of the river, and were turned back into pumpkins until they should again be needed.

X

As they all walked along the golden sugar shore of Molasses River, leaving the coaches behind shining as only pumpkins can shine, Johnny's feet sank into the sugar almost to his knees, and yet he did not tire. On his remarking this he was informed that no one could become weary or fatigued upon those mellifluous banks. He was dwelling upon the sweetness of such a spot for a play-ground, when the King said :

"Where there is no fatigue there can be no rest. That is the reason the Sorghum, even when he lies down, does not sleep, but is always lively and on the alert for his interests."

The King would no doubt have said more, but their attention was attracted by these words :

" ' White sugar ' rhymes with ' light sugar ' all right, and so does ' maple sugar ' with ' staple sugar. ' Now, I might begin with,

White sugar,
Maple sugar,
Light sugar,
Staple sugar,
Granulated,
Pulverized,
Tumpty tumpty tum.

But, no, I will give it up—at least for to-day."

"He was not mentioning my name," explained

Tumpty Tum. "He was simply trying to do the sugar Iliad, as he has been trying for years."

"Who is he, anyhow?" asked Johnny, with an expression of the most earnest curiosity.

"It's no less a creature than the Sorghum," exclaimed the rhymer, "and you shall see him directly."

They quickened their steps up the river, whose deep golden tide swept sluggishly along. There were the pancakes floating like lily-pads, just as the Moon Prince had told Johnny when they were on their way to the great silver planet.

But they soon forgot the river when they turned a bend and came in contact with the sugar king, Sorghum. He was a murky, mouse-colored creature, very clumsy, very stout, and perfectly hairless. His skin glistened, and he could scarcely open his eyes. The smile that illuminated his face illuminated his entire body; he was simply transfigured into one great smile. He was counting his claws, probably to perfect the verse he was making as to feet, for he continued, in a measured whisper:

"White sugar,
Maple sugar,
Light sugar,
Staple sugar,
Granulated,
Pulverized,
Tumpty tumpty tum.

That seems to be as far as I can get, but as far as it goes it is simply splendid."

He then caught sight of King Silversmith and his royal party, and fairly danced with joy in the wildest, maddest circles.

They were all very glad to see him, especially the Owl.

"This is the first owl that has been in the moon since the reign of Moonshine the Seventh. You know the story of the banishment of the owl?" said Flowerbell.

"I have read it in Mooney's *Moon*," replied the Sorghum.

He then gave Johnny permission to pick as many chocolate cream-drops as he wanted; and as they were growing all around like blackberries, it did not take Flowerbell's little playmate long to satisfy his appetite.

"You seem to be a very sweet boy," observed the Sorghum.

"Thank you very much; but would you be offended if I should ask you a question?"

"Not at all—not at all," replied the Sugar King.

"I notice that you smile all over. Now, when you laugh do you laugh all over?"

"I do. I laugh from head to foot. One day I got laughing so that I burst one of my boots."

"Would you mind telling us what made you laugh so violently?"

"Certainly not," responded the Sorghum. "I was one day walking over yonder in the loaf-sugar, when I heard some one singing a very funny thing. It began like this, if I remember rightly,

"'When the cotton's softly growing on the sheep.'"

"That's it—that's it," roared King Silversmith—"that's it—that's it!" and he became helpless with laughter.

"Your appreciation is a delicate compliment," said

the Sorghum, "inasmuch as it is an indorsement of my own."

"I think I've got it—I think I've got it!" exclaimed Silversmith, in a delirium of ecstasy.

"Got what?" asked the Sorghum.

"The song."

"What song?" demanded the Sugar King.

"Why, the song about the cotton softly growing on the sheep."

"Where did you get it?" asked the Sugar King.

"I didn't get it at all," replied Silversmith.

"Then why did you just say you thought you got it?"

"Did I just say that?"

"Certainly that's what you said," protested the Sorghum.

"I will explain myself," laughed the King of the Moon. "I once heard that line, only to become broken-hearted at not being able to secure the rest of the song. In vain have I tried to possess myself of that masterpiece of nonsense, that monument of fun, that must be one of perennial beauty. And when I heard you warble the magic syllables a burden fell from my life and a little bird sang in my heart, for I concluded that you knew the song to the end."

"Would that I did!" moaned the Sorghum—"would that I did! Alas, I only know the one matchless line! When that was uttered the singer began to whistle; and as I don't understand whistling, and the singer suddenly disappeared, of course it was impossible for me to do anything in the premises."

Here the Sorghum burst into tears and wept copiously. It was the first time the King, or any of the party, for that matter, had ever seen a creature weep

all over. He (the Sorghum) was like a thunder-cloud that shows not a peaceful, happy spot, and his great grief won for him the sympathy of Silversmith, and caused that monarch to assume a sunny, forgiving mien. After the Sorghum's lamentation had subsided a laughing arc surrounded him like an iris after a storm, and made him as happy as a Sugar King.

It was a laugh that could be seen and felt but not heard, and every one that saw it was affected by its potent spell; and they laughed so hard that they rolled helplessly about on the sugar sward. It was indeed a funny sight to see the King hang his crown on the branch of a tree that it might not be dented, while he rolled about in a state of bubbling merriment.

Suddenly they all stopped, for the laughter arc had disappeared, and there they all sat brushing the sugar off their clothing. The Roasted Pig lost his eye-glasses, but finally discovered that the Philosophic Farmer had picked them up during the rumpus, as he was too serious to be affected by the Sorghum's arc of joy.

"Now whither are you all wending and what are you all about to do?" inquired the Sorghum.

"We are all going on a rambling picnic on Molasses River. My son having been unsquirrelled—"

"Unwhat?" asked the Sorghum, in a tone that showed he suspected he was being chaffed.

"Unsquirrelled," repeated the King, solemnly. "When I gave a party not a great while ago in Rose-flake's honor, Flowerbell purloined all the nuts from the cake that was to decide the marital destiny of the sweet little Princess. Then I turned him into a squirrel and sent him to the earth that he might enjoy nuts to his heart's content. If I have not been misin-

formed, he will not hanker after nuts for some time to come. When he returned he brought with him a charming little playmate and the great white Owl—”

“Don’t ask me if I remember the story of how the Owl tried to sell Moonshine the Seventh the curling-fluid,” laughed the Sorghum. “I know it well from beginning to end.”

“Well,” continued the King, pretending not to notice the interruption, which really pleased him, “the Owl is back, and we are now showing it and Johnny what are—presumably to them—the wonders of the moon. In other words, we are taking a ramble, which we call a picnic only in the sense that it is a tour of pleasure. And now, good Sorghum, wilt accompany us?”

“With pleasure,” replied the Sugar King, jumping nimbly from the ground, kicking his boots fifty feet in the air, and catching them on his feet as they descended.

So they walked along Molasses River, and watched its sinuous currents and enjoyed its lovely scenery. There were also molasses rapids and molasses falls, and when the molasses boiled over great sugar rocks here and there it seemed to be lashing itself into a fury of molasses candy. Every lily was a white cocoa-nut cake, and the pads being pancakes, as mentioned in the poem, reminded Johnny of the crisp, cold winter mornings that made sausage meat an epicurean delight.

“What huge dewdrops!” said Johnny.

“Dewdrops! dewdrops!” repeated the Sorghum, with a laugh. “They’re gumdrops, my boy—gumdrops that ever gem these lovely sugar flowers. But whither wend we?”

Johnny was disappointed that he was not invited to

help himself to the gumdrops, but attributed it more to the Sorghum's excitement than to a lack of etiquette.

"We are now going to the cabin of the queer little Manikin-mender, who has invented a song, dance, and story kettle."

"Is not it time for me to say something?" asked the Roasted Pig.

"It is, Sir Roasted, it is," replied the King.

"Then what time is it?"

"*Dix heures!*" replied the French Poodle that couldn't speak English.

So they all hurried on, and, after a short, brisk walk were at the tumble-down abode of the queer little Manikin-mender.

"What ho there within!" shouted the King, as he rapped upon the door with the butt of his sceptre.

"What ho there, good fellow!" shouted the Sorghum, as the shining head of the queer little Manikin-mender popped out of the window and replied:

"Good-morrow, good-morrow! What wouldst thou?"

"We understand that thou hast a merry song, dance, and story kettle?" said the Moon King.

"Aye, marry that have I," replied the queer little Manikin-mender, with a proud professional smile.

"Wouldst hear them discourse?"

"That would we," replied the Sorghum.

"Hast finished mending the 'Adopted Nephew of the Sage-green Elephant with the Glass Eye?'" asked the Librarian.

"It has just been sent to the palace," replied the queer little Manikin-mender, who now recognized the party, and, holding three kettles up to view, continued, "This is Song, this is Story, this is Dance."

"A plague on me if I don't fancy this fellow a purveyor of spells!" said the Roasted Pig. "What can he mean by 'this is Song, this is Story, this is Dance.'"

"That thou mayst not marvel at what striketh thee as a riddle, I will unravel for thee the seeming mystery. This kettle plays music that causes thee to dance in



THE MANIKIN-MENDER PUTS ON THE DANCE KETTLE.

spite of thyself, this one sings a song that makes thee laugh in spite of thyself, and this one tells a story that interests thee in spite of thyself."

They all filed into the odd-looking cabin, and saw many manikin arms and legs lying about, and various other portions of the manikin anatomy. The queer little Manikin-mender having satisfied them that he

was not a weaver of spells, they all expressed a desire to see each kettle in operation. No sooner had they made known their wish than the proprietor of the hovel ran out and gathered some fagots and started a fire, and filled his three kettles with water.

"Suppose I put Dance on first?" said the Manikin-mender.

They all nodded in the affirmative.

So the Manikin-mender put Dance on, and they waited patiently for a few minutes, and then, when it began to boil, the liveliest music ever heard issued from the spout. The King listened to it for a moment, and involuntarily arose and commenced to dance as no Moon King ever danced before. The Sorghum followed suit, and so did all the others. They danced up and down the cabin, and out through the door and back again. It seemed very strange that so many could dance at once in so small a room. And the longer the kettle boiled the faster the music became, and the faster the music movement the faster the movement of the dancers' feet.

"The dance must continue till the music stops," said the Manikin-mender, "and the music won't stop until either the fire or the water is exhausted. Neither of them are—"

"Neither of 'them *is*!'" screamed the Roasted Pig, grasping at the slightest straw of comfort in his dire extremity.

But nothing that they could say or do had any influence on the situation, and they danced until the water was boiled away and the music stopped, at which happy time they sank upon the ground exhausted.

"If thou canst—"

"Hold up, Mr. Manikin-mender," said Tumpty Tum

"THEY DANCED UNTIL THE WATER WAS BOILED AWAY AND THE MUSIC STOPPED."



the Rhymer. "I think it about time we change our pronouns. Let's stick to 'I,' 'my,' 'mine,' 'he,' 'his,' 'him,' etc.;" and then the rhymer began singing, "Nominative they, possessive their or theirs, objective them."

"Can you give me the possessive of 'that'?" asked the Roasted Pig, following Tumpy Tum's suggestion to change the pronouns.

"Certainly I can," replied Tumpy Tum.

After a few moments of silence the Roasted Pig said, "Then why don't you?"

"Because you didn't ask me to. You asked me if I could do it, not if I would. I simply replied that I could. I am happy to see by your twinkling eye that what might be regarded as sarcasm on your part is merely an illustration of your love of exactness. Although most grammarians leave the possessive of the pronoun 'that' blank, 'whose' is correct."

"Give me an example," demanded the Roasted Pig.

"Certainly. That Amontillado *whose* great-grandfather sported a peach-pink sciatica in his button-hole to attract the attention of the Memoranda before he could charm and swallow the fluttering wakerobin."

While the Roasted Pig bowed humbly in acknowledgment of the correctness of the answer, the King said,

"Never mind the grammar—never mind the grammar; but go on, good Tumpy Tum, and tell us the rest of the story of 'that Amontillado *whose* great-grandfather sported a peach-pink sciatica in his button-hole.'"

"There is no story," replied Tumpy Tum. "It was just an example to prove the possessive of 'that' to be 'whose.'"

"Can the kettle tell the Amontillado story?"

"Although there is no such story, yet might the kettle tell it, for you never know what the kettle will tell, as it generally tells a different story. Shall I put Story on?"

"At once, at once," replied the King, "if not sooner."

So the queer little Manikin-mender put Story on, and it shortly boiled forth the following pathetic tale of:

THE SNOW PRINCESS.

"Snowdrop was the beautiful daughter of the great and good Snow King Snowball the First, who reigned over Snowland, a country lying so far north that even its people were made of snow. Snowdrop was so beautiful that every Prince coming from any adjoining snow country fell desperately in love with her. She had so many suitors that she was really at a loss to know whom to accept, and, as a matter of course, was very vain. Besides the Princes of the neighboring countries, there was the son of a poor bellows-mender who loved the Princess so devotedly that when he sat down to an oil dinner—which was about the only kind the poorer people of Snowland knew—he fancied he was eating nightingales' tongues stuffed with rose-leaves. Being only a poor bellows-mender's son, he was afraid to declare his passion.

"Finally, seeing that Snowdrop was pining away, the King said he would give her to the man who would produce the orange-blossom wreath for the wedding, provided he was not a fool. Now there was not an orange blossom in all Snowland, and never had been, but when the King's offer became known, all the young snow men for miles around started for the land of the

olive and the rose for the blossoms for the coveted wreath. Poor Snowdrop was sad at heart, because she was afraid she might have to marry some one for whom she cared naught. But the snow men who started southward—some on great birds, some in boats, and in every other way they could think of to get there and back first—after a few days' journey came in contact with warm weather, and melted away. The Snow King learned this from a snow-bird.

"Then the son of the bellows-mender pushed his plate of oil aside, stopped feasting on imaginary night-ingales' tongues stuffed with rose-leaves, presented himself to Snowball the First, and demanded the hand of Snowdrop.

"Where's your orange wreath?" asked the King.

"I have none," replied the bellows-mender's son. 'I went in quest of none.'

"Why did you not?"

"For the same reason that I now claim Snowdrop's hand.'

"And what is that, pray?"

"That I am not a fool.'

"The King at once appreciated the wisdom and philosophy of the poor bellows-mender's son, who shortly after was wedded to the lovely Snow Princess, with whom he led a long and happy life, the sunshine of which was unmarred by a single sullen cloud."

XI

"A VERY sweet little story, a very sweet little story," repeated the King. "If you will only keep Story boiling, and put each tale into a manikin, I will buy them all from you at the palace, five off thirty."

The queer little Manikin-mender bowed politely, and the Sorghum said :

"A very lovely tale indeed ! But why does not the queer little Manikin-mender put Song on ?"

"Put Song on, put Song on—quick ! quick !" exclaimed the King.

So Song was put on the fire, which was very low ; and after it had been on about seven minutes, during which the Sorghum regaled Silversmith the Tenth with an official statement relative to the latest sugar deal, it began to make a slight moaning sound, as though saying something in a very low tone. As soon as its sounds could be understood, it said,

"When the cotton's softly growing on the sheep."

It then paused for a moment, and continued by whistling one of those peculiar tunes that take hold of you and accompany your every movement.

"Make Song finish it ; make Song—"

But Silversmith was compelled to stop, because the kettle had whistled the tune just long enough for him to catch it ; and when he did catch it, he held it, or

rather it held him, and he was overcome. All the others caught it in the same way, and the effect was simply ludicrous. When the King moved his sceptre, it could be seen that it was to the time of the horrible tune; and when the Roasted Pig wiped his eye-glasses, it was to the same movement. The Philosophic Farmer, in his silent reflection, nodded his head in harmony with the crazy melody.

"I don't think we can, I don't think we can," exclaimed the King, in a sort of reverie.

"Don't think we can what?" asked the Librarian.

"I feel that we shall never be able to," said the King, more preoccupied than ever.

"Able to what?" asked the Sorghum.

"Forget that tune," replied the King, coming quite suddenly to his senses.

Just then the kettle stopped whistling, because the fire had gone out, and the cessation of the melody, if such it could be called, was a great relief. But although it stopped bubbling from the little spout it continued in their minds, and the King drummed it on the table with his finger, while all the rest kept time by tapping with their boot heels.

Suddenly the King jumped up and shouted,

"When the cotton's softly growing on the sheep!"

"Why don't you continue?" asked Tumpty Tum, sarcastically, when he remembered the King's strictures upon a former occasion.

Then the King began to whistle just as the kettle had done, and in spite of himself danced an accompaniment. After he was through, they all walked out of the cabin of the queer little Mauikin-mender to the time of the tune, the influence of which they could not shake off.

"Why didn't you dwarf the Manikin-mender," asked the Librarian, "and boil him in the water of that awful tune?"

"It was not the Manikin-mender's fault," explained the King, in a wise tone that won the admiration of the Philosophic Farmer. "It was the fault of the kettle, over which the queer little Manikin-mender has no control. And, then, who would mend the manikins? Happy indeed would be the moon if manikin-menders were as plentiful as Prime-ministers!"

"Would not it be a terrible punishment to be compelled to drink tea made of the boiling water that generates that tune?" asked the Roasted Pig.

"It could never become a form of punishment, for the simple reason that there is no crime of sufficient magnitude to warrant its infliction. But let us try to forget it," continued the weary Moon King. "Will not you say something, Tumpy Tum, to start a new subject?"

"Certainly," replied Tumpy Tum. "How far is it to Molasses River Bridge, good Sorghum?"

"Not more than half a mile; it is just beyond the Maple Syrup Whirlpool."

They all proceeded in this direction, led by the Sorghum; but, in spite of themselves, they beat time to the kettle's tune, while the molasses current lisped its crazy numbers, and the sugar-trees moaned it to the four winds. It was, of course, not a great while before they reached the bridge and started to cross it.

"Where does this take us to?" asked Johnny.

"Correctly speaking, it takes us nowhere," laughed the Librarian; "but I comprehend your real meaning. Am I right in conjecturing that you would know where you will be if you cross it?"

"You are," responded Johnny.



THE TANTANMOUNT AND R. L. SMITH.

"Then you will be in the Land of Green Cheese. Those are the beautiful cheese meadows yonder."

Johnny looked across the river, and saw the motley landscape, and was filled with delight. Every shade of cheese or cheese tone was distinctly visible, but the sage green predominated, giving the land its name. There were flowers of orange and yellow cheese, while many of the cheese-trees with rind bark had leaflets of these colors. The grass and clover were, of course, green.

"Most little boys become greatly frightened upon first meeting the Tantamount," observed the King; "but you," he continued, addressing Johnny, "must have no fear of him. Although he is a sort of winged leopard, with fierce glaring eyes, he is as gentle as a dove—aye, as gentle as the Sorghum himself. Can you recite for us the poem, founded on fact, of 'Reuben L. Smith and the Tantamount, or Cheese King?'"

"I can," replied Tumpy Tum the Rhymer.

After a minute or two of silence the King asked, "Why don't you do it, then?"

"Because you haven't asked me to. You merely asked me if I could do it. Now if you want me to recite the poem, just say so."

"So," said the King, with a smile at his real or fancied joke.

And then Tumpy Tum the Rhymer laughingly pronounced for Johnny's benefit and the amusement of the others, one of the Moon King's favorite comic poems:

REUBEN L. SMITH AND THE TANTAMOUNT, OR CHEESE KING.

"One time he met the Tantamount
Within a Stilton lea,
Not far from the molasses fount,
And weakened at the knee.

““ He trembled in his scared surprise,
His teeth all chattered, too ;
He held his hands before his eyes,
Nor peered his fingers through.

““ The Tantamount with anger fumed ;
From kind his glances far,
And Reuben's lirsute quick assumed
The perpendieu-lar.

““ His eyeballs burned like living coals
That lively sparks out-shoot,
And Reuben quivered to his soles
As though he'd taken root.

““ 'Tis when the Tantamount becrooks
His spine, and glares red-hot,
And flaunts his tail with goaded looks,
That angry he is not.

““ That time he was not vexed nor mad,
But happy through and through ;
To meet the boy he was so glad
He knew not what to do.

““ As Reuben chattered, while he shook
Like jelly on a plate,
The Cheese King from his pocket took
A box of pills elate.

““ And gave one unto Reuben, who
Not knowing what to say,
The Tantamount then shouted to,
“ Good-morrow and good-day !”

““ The Tantamount, polite and proud,
Removed his hat forthwith,
And in majestic grandeur bowed
Adieu to R. L. Smith,

“‘Whose quaking shaking soon was still
Upon the green-cheese plains,
All owing to one qui-nine pill
Of half a dozen grains.’”

When Tumpty Tum the Rhymer had finished, Silver-smith the Tenth turned to Johnny, and said:

“Do not be alarmed when the Tantamount appears, for he always looks exceedingly fierce and dangerous when he is in the best possible humor; and, on the other hand, he is extremely ferocious and unsociable when he wears the sweetest, serenest, gentlest, and most loving look.”

“How very singular!” said Johnny. “Is there any particular reason for this?”

“There is,” replied the King—“there is.”

“I should think,” murmured the Owl, “that some moon poet would give the reason in verse.”

“There is a poem,” replied Tumpty Tum the Rhymer, “on this very subject. If it be not too soon after the poem I just recited about the Tantamount, it would afford me genuine happiness to favor you with it.”

They were all only too anxious to hear it, so Tumpty Tum drew himself up and sang:

WHY WHEN HE'S GLAD HE LOOKS MAD, AND WHY HE
LOOKS GLAD WHEN HE'S MAD.

“‘The reason the Tantamount dances
When his eyes blaze a vitreous green,
And very ferociously prances
At the time he's most coy and serene;

“‘The reason a tender tear drizzles
Down his face soothed in gentlest repose,
When with anger he frizzles and sizzles
From the tip of his tail to his nose—

“‘Is that, as a simple diversion,
His dominion so lovely of cheese,
He may rid, without any exertion,
Of the casual rat that he sees.

“‘The rat notes his caudal’s expansion,
And he flies, like a ball to the mark,
Down the sinuous lane to his mansion,
Where he curls himself up in the dark.

“‘But when the old Tantamount’s smiling
Doth the rodent come forth in the sun;
Then he opens his smile so beguiling,
And Sir Rat’s gobbled up like a bun.’”

“Nature is indeed a wonderful thing,” said Johnny, “to provide the Tantamount with such subtle power to prevent his dominion from being devoured. But what are those hills yonder that rise so grandly from the plains?”

“Those,” murmured the Sorghum, in admiration, “are the Mountains of the Moon, of which you may have heard—the great cheese mountains.”

He paused as though under a spell, for at that moment a bright light flashed from the top of the highest of the cheese mountain-peaks, and it was soon evident that there was a volcano. It was not long before great waves of flame shot into the air in angry billows, and bathed in a rosy glow every valley in the Land of Green Cheese. Higher and higher the flames climbed, and every moment the scene became grander.

“Are the mountains going to be melted into naught?” asked Johnny.

“They are not going to be melted into naught,” replied the Roasted Pig; “they are going to be melted into Welsh rabbits.”



FLOCK OF WELSH RABBITS.

Before he said any more, or before Johnny could comment upon the information, there was a rustle in one of the cheese thickets, and out popped a flock of the prettiest Welsh rabbits Johnny ever saw. And right behind them came the Tantamount, the King of the Land of Green Cheese. From the way he lashed his tail, which cut the grass down like a scythe, and by the blazing of his emerald eyes, and by the great cloud of cheese he kicked up as he moved madly along, it was evident that he was in the best of spirits.

"How do you do?" shouted Silversmith the Tenth.

The Tantamount was greatly pleased at meeting the merry party, which he joined with the Welsh rabbits, all of them skipping about in the liveliest manner.

"How are you all?" he asked.

"Very well," they replied, with the exception of the French Poodle that couldn't speak English. He simply said, "*Tres bien!*"

Johnny was not at all frightened at the Tantamount, which greatly pleased Silversmith the Tenth and the Sorghum, his old rival for the Molasses River crown. The Tantamount was greatly pleased at meeting Johnny, for he snapped his tail in the air until it sounded like a pistol-shot, and gnashed his teeth in the most ferocious manner. He was so glad to meet the Owl, and to know that it was back for good, that he lifted the great white bird in his paws, and laid his gleaming teeth against its wings.

"I should be so happy to see you all at Cheeseborough House!" observed the Tantamount.

"Where is that?" asked Johnny.

"It is over on Green Cheese Lake, and is my palace."

"I'll never get over it—I'll never get over it!" exclaimed Silversmith the Tenth.

They looked, and saw him dancing.

"That awful tune has worked down into my feet, and I must dance for relief."



"HE LIFTED THE GREAT WHITE BIRD IN HIS PAWS."

"Is it the horrible whistling that follows the line, 'When the cotton's—'?"

"Softly growing on the sheep," broke in Silversmith the Tenth.

"That's it," they all shouted. "Where did you hear it for the first time?"

"I don't remember," murmured the Tantamount, "where I heard it for the first time; but I would be willing to erect a sumptuous monument on the spot where I shall hear it for the last time."

All this time the King was dancing, and whistling the tune, which also attacked the Welsh rabbits, and set them capering about as insanely as were the Philosophic Farmer and the rest of the party.

But at the suggestion of the Tantamount, who evidently believed in the economy of labor, they all danced in the direction of Cheeseborough House, which stood some miles distant, on the picturesque margin of Green Cheese Lake. At length they reached it, and seated themselves beneath a spreading green-cheese tree, where they waited with watering mouths for the waiters to bring on the Welsh rabbits that had been killed and cooked for the occasion, and whose savory fumes they could scent on the breeze that floated from the direction of the culinary department.

XII

"It is a rare treat," said the Tantamount, "when a volcano occurs in one of the Cheese Mountains, for as the cheese melts it is quickly formed into Welsh rabbits, and upon every such occasion I give a dinner to my friends, known as the Feast of Welsh Rabbits. It is seven years since the last, which occurred upon Mount Camembert, and this eruption of Mount Pot fills me with joy indeed, as you may see by my apparent fierceness.

*"Oui, oui, oui,
Fromage de Brie,"*

sang the French Poodle that couldn't speak English.

At this moment the waiters appeared with the Welsh rabbits, and it was astonishing to see the Tantamount carve them. In less than half a minute they were all served, and then the waiters came on with others, which seemed even more delicious than the first.

They were all so hungry that there was little or no conversation until after the meal, when they took a look through Cheeseborough House at the invitation of the hospitable Tantamount. It was built mostly of buff cheese, with green veins running through it in such a way that it bore a very striking resemblance to the kind of marble which is highly esteemed for clocks.

Beautiful cheese boudoirs led between portières of cheese-cloth to sumptuous cheese stair-ways. There were sofas and divans of the same material, but of different colors, so that the artistic effect was highly satisfactory.

"We thank you heartily for so sumptuously entertaining us," said Silversmith the Tenth. "I don't think I ever before tasted a Welsh rabbit so artistically cooked and served; and as for Cheeseborough House, it is something of which the moon may proudly boast, even unto the smallest detail of appointment and architecture."

The fiery ferocity displayed by the Tantamount was proof positive of his heart-felt appreciation of the Moon King's praises.

"But would you like to go with us?" asked the Moon King.

"Where?" asked the Tantamount.

"To the Moon-beam Spring."

The Tantamount said he would be only too happy to visit this great spring that furnished the moon-beams to light the earth. It was indeed a wonderful curiosity of nature, was this spring, whose light bubbled up continually from the moon, and, flowing some distance through a hollow, fell in a grand cascade over the rim of the great silver planet, to illuminate the earth.

It was therefore with great delight that they started out together in the direction of the Moon-beam Spring.

"Have you ever seen the elastic tree?" asked the Tantamount.

"Never, never, never," replied the King, nervously.

"There it is," said the Tantamount, who, being very nimble and catlike, pulled a branch down until it was

stretched as thin as a broom handle; then he sprang off the ground, and when the elastic limb flew back into place, he let go, and was shot a hundred feet into the air. He whirled about like a leaf in the storm, and to the surprise of all, especially the Roasted Pig, whose eye-glasses were covered with tears, he landed on his feet, like the quadruped whose characteristics he possessed.

"Be ready, Sorghum, be ready," said Silversmith.

"Ready for what?" asked the Sorghum.

"To defend us in case the Tantamount sees fit to attack us." The Roasted Pig just laughed, and the King said, "I'm afraid the Tantamount may seem sufficiently aggrieved to assume a hostile front, and eat us up before I can turn him into a tenpenny nail, and drive him into a tree right to the head."

"You need have no fear," replied the Sorghum; "he has a very keen appreciation of the ridiculous, and knows what should be laughed at and what should not. Now this being a funny act on his part, he naturally doesn't expect you to weep. On the contrary, having performed a dangerous yet queer acrobatic feat for your amusement, he will feel disappointed if he is not properly applauded. Upon arriving at such a conclusion he may feel sufficiently piqued to devour one or two of the party from motives of self-respect. I advise you all to laugh heartily."

Following the advice of the Sorghum, they all laughed with might and main, and swayed to and fro in an ecstasy of merriment, which greatly pleased the Tantamount.

At this moment the wind began to blow, and the air was full of dust, or rather grated Parmesan. When this cloud whirled by, they were all attracted by the

queer antics of the elastic tree. As it swayed in the wind, it would stretch to about five times its size when in repose, and when the wind subsided, the tree would naturally fly back to its original position. At one time, when it was out-stretched until it could stretch no farther, a pretty little briefinch lit upon one of its branches and began to sing. But when the tree flew back, it did so so suddenly that the poor little briefinch had its legs snapped off close to the talons, which remained encircling the limb upon which it had been perched.

"Being an amphibious bird," said the Tantamount, "it will have to take to the water now."

"But how will it paddle?" asked Flowerbell.

"It will not paddle," laughed the Tantamount; "it will know enough to hold its wings aloft like sails, because it is endowed with aquatic instincts; but its feet will grow on again."

Suddenly the King burst forth in the following

RHAPSODY.

"Oh, what rare luck! oh, what rare luck!
While his future feet are growing,
Just like a duck—just like a duck
O'er the green lake to be blowing!

"How fortunate—how fortunate
That he can take to the water!
Oh, happy fate! oh, happy fate!
To be full of joy he oughter!

"Oh, sweet briefinch, oh, sweet briefinch,
Your beautiful wings of orange—
My muse I pinch—my muse I pinch
In vain for a rhyme for 'orange.'"

"There isn't a rhyme for 'orange,' is there?" asked the King.

"None, sire," replied the authority, Tumpy Tm the Rhymer.

"Then what shall I do?"

"Why don't you try 'lemon'?" asked the facetious Owl.

The King pretended he didn't hear the remark, and the Librarian, fearing there might be trouble, turned the drift of the conversation by asking the distance to the Moon-beam Spring.

"Three English cheese miles," responded the Philosophic Farmer.

"And can you catch fish in this spring?" asked Johnny.

"Silver-fish!" exclaimed the Tantamount in reply.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed Johnny.

The King gazed all around—up in the air and over the cheese landscape—and then, seeing nothing, began to look in his pockets as upon a former occasion.

"Oh no, not there," said Johnny.

"Where, where, where?" asked the King, at the same time looking all around.

Johnny pointed to a thicket, and from the same appeared a very curious-looking animal, wearing the disconsolate, languid expression peculiar to the barn-yard fowl that has remained without during a cold, rainy night.

"Why, that is the Perforated Cat," said the Tantamount.

It was indeed a curious-looking animal, and but for the timely information of the Tantamount, might have passed itself off on the picnickers for a woodchuck or a Welsh rabbit. On each side of the Perforated Cat

was a dainty landscape embroidered in finest silk, and the foliage always seemed to be moving.

"Come, explain yourself for the edification of Silver-smith the Tenth and his merry picknickers," demanded the Tantamount, "or, rather, give us your history."

Thereupon the Perforated Cat spoke as follows:



"THE PERFORATED CAT BOWED POLITELY."

"Originally I was a pleasant woollen cat, with bead eyes, and was used as an ornament in the library. I used to sit by the day and watch the crimson mouse that was used for a red-ink pen-wiper. I was made in a sitting posture, and for that reason could not run or stretch myself out, which made it impossible for me to spring upon the mouse. You will notice in my present peculiar limp the fault of the person that allowed the scissors to slip in cutting me out. Had this not happened, it would not have been necessary to gather me in so much in the sewing of my off hind-

leg. I am not a machine-made cat, but this piece of information is perhaps of no interest. At present I have but one bead eye left, and as the thread that holds it in the socket is becoming loose, and my eye is moving about in the wind whichever way it blows, I shall naturally feel anxious until it is properly sewed in, and the question of my possible blindness put beyond all peradventure."

"Don't ramble so much," said the Tantamount; "go back to where you said, 'which made it impossible for me to spring upon the mouse,' and continue in a direct and simple manner until you have explained the beautiful landscape panels that so delicately illuminate your ribs."

The Perforated Cat bowed politely, and continued: "Which made it impossible for me to spring upon the mouse. Not being able to walk, I did my best to coax the mouse within reach, but as he was fastened to a small octagonal piece of cloth, he, too, was unable to move. It made my red silk mouth water to see that mouse lying there with such beautiful indifference. Sometimes the boys in the house would hold me up in the air for the real dog to jump at, and on one occasion he caught me in his teeth, and my internal injuries were exeruciating in the extreme. In tossing me back and forth one day, one of the boys failed to catch me, and I was cast into a tub of water and soaked through. I was dried upon the top of the kitchen stove, and in the process I lost my form, which I have not fully regained even to this day. Do not I look as though drawn up by rheumatism here on the left?"

"You're wandering again," observed the Tantamount. "Now oblige me by going back to 'small

octagonal piece of cloth, he, too, was unable to move.' "

The Perforated Cat apologized, and went on: "Small octagonal piece of cloth, he, too, was unable to move. Well, one day the family went away for the summer, and during their absence—"

"*Its* absence!" exclaimed the Tantamount, "'family' being a collective noun."

"*Its* absence," continued the Perforated Cat, with a mortified air, "the moths got through my cloth epidermis, and devoured the wool with which I was stuffed, and afterwards ate their way out through me. As each moth left a hole, I of course became a perforated cat. Without my wool stuffing I fell down, being quite unable to stand. It was on the return of the family, which is a collective noun, that Lulu restuffed me, and then embroidered these landscapes on my sides. I will say that when I breathe the air passes out through these perforations, and keeps the silk leaves and grasses in motion. Do you notice the cat-bird perched on the muscat vine in the lateral valley on my left side?"

They said nothing in reply.

"I like your refined manners very much," observed the Perforated Cat, sarcastically, "and I shall now teach you a dancing-lesson."

"What! do you dance?" asked pretty little Roseflake.

"I do not; but when I fasten my disconsolate look upon a person, that person has to dance until I take it off."

Here the Perforated Cat cast the most peculiar woe-begone expression ever seen upon the picnickers, and the spell was such that before they knew it, they were

all dancing as hard as they did under the influence of Dance, the music-kettle of the queer little Manikin-mender. And the Perforated Cat continued its disconsolate look so long that when she changed it into her happy expression, they had danced off many pounds of flesh.

As suddenly as it appeared, the Perforated Cat vanished; and they all commented upon it at great length, and from all stand-points.

"I only trust it may not discover Moon-beam Spring, and catch the silver-fish," moaned the Tantamount.

"How far is this Moon-beam Spring anyhow?" groaned Silversmith the Tenth. "We have been walking from one end of the moon to the other, and it doesn't appear to be any nearer than when we started."

"It is just on the other side of that Gruyère shrubbery."

When the Tantamount had given this information, they all redoubled their steps, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes they stood upon the margin of this magic body of never-failing moon-beams. Although called a spring, it was, properly speaking, a lake. It bubbled as though boiling, so great was the action of the moon-shine in coming up out of the interior of the moon. It seemed to flow in an easterly direction, the tide never turning, but continuing down to the edge of the moon, where it flowed over in a silver cascade and lit the earth.

The Tantamount ascended the highest tree like a cat, and when at the top dived into the Moon-beam Spring with a shout of joy. When he swam ashore and came out he looked as though covered with pearl, but this he soon wiped off with the piece of magic cheese-cloth he always carried with him to keep off evil.

Suddenly the moon became dark.

"How long is this eclipse going to last?"

"Seven minutes and three seconds and one-eighth," replied the Tantamount, with the air of an astronomer.

But in the dark the Moon Spring looked even lovelier than before. It was the only part of the moon that was light, and out upon its bosom a boat of pearl suddenly appeared, floating like a swan.

"Oh, look at that pretty boat! Where is it going?" said Johnny.

"Back to the earth, to take you home," replied the King. "We are very sorry to part with you and to break the news so suddenly. Have you ever heard of such a malady as moon-madness?"

"I have," replied Johnny, sadly.

"Well," continued Silversmith the Tenth, "as you don't belong to the moon that malady would attack you inside of another day, and although we dearly love to have you with us, as you may observe by the sad expression of Roseflake and the heart-felt tears of our dear Sir Roasted, yet we feel constrained for your own good to send you on what must be your happy journey home."



THE OWL WEEPS AT JOHNNY'S
DEPARTURE.

Here there was general weeping, in which the Owl joined.

"Think of me whenever you wander about in

Painter's Woods," sobbed the Owl. "Think of me when in the rosy spring-time you gather the trailing arbutus and meek anemone. Think of me in the autumn, when the nuts patter on the dry leaves, and the frost silvers the empty nest in Johnson's old persimmon-tree. Think of me, think—"

Here the Owl buried its face in its wings, for fear of being considered weak, and when it looked up Johnny stood upon the deck of the beautiful boat of pearl, as it moved down the Moon-beam River.

They were fading fast away, even though the eclipse had vanished, but Johnny could see the Roasted Pig wiping his eye-glasses, and could hear them singing together,

"When the cotton's softly growing on the sheep."

After this the unearthly whistling was started, and while they all danced on the shores of the Land of Green Cheese Johnny himself joined in, and no doubt kept step with the feet he could no longer see.

Down the Moon-beam River he went sadly, and after the pearl boat had passed over the falls it descended swiftly, but as gently as a dream. It was the same boat in which he had sailed to the moon, and was quite as luxurious and musical as on that happy occasion. When the earth appeared in sight it looked, as upon his former voyage, very much like a two-grain quinine pill.

His great fear that the boat might land him in China was dissipated when he saw objects with which he was familiar, and which grew more numerous, until the boat actually floated into his father's garden and rested upon a bed of white hyacinths, where he stepped out. When he touched the ground he was again his natural

“THEY ALL DANCED ON THE SHORES OF THE LAND OF GREEN CHEESE.”



size. He turned to take a last look at the dainty boat of pearl, only to see it dissolve softly into moonlight and vanish.

Then, as he wandered up the box-fringed walk, he thought of all the silvery beauties of the moon that would shortly melt, like the magic boat of pearl, in the sunnier beauties of his own beloved home.



A DAY IN WAXLAND

A DAY IN WAXLAND

I



LITTLE TOMMY HAWK had been out in the woods all day playing Indian. The chief of the tribe, Forty-six Stuffed Crows, had sent him across the small stream of water that ran through the wood behind the school-house, to see if he could discover the trail of the fugitive who had just crossed to make good his escape.

Tommy Hawk was so diligent in his search among the bushes, that before he was aware of it he found that it was impossible to retrace his steps. In other words, he was lost; and in vain did he endeavor to communicate with Forty-six Stuffed Crows and his braves by shouting. He would have wept if he could have done so consistently. But he knew it would be entirely out of place for an Indian to weep especially in the devious tangles of the forest. So he tried to climb a tree to learn his exact whereabouts, for he was completely turned around.

On his way up the tree he met a bear, and as the Bear was on the way down, and there was not room for

them to pass each other, it was necessary for Tommy to show his politeness, and descend in order that the Bear might reach the ground without interference. Of course Tommy was in reality afraid of the Bear, but being in the guise of an Indian, he could not consistently show his fear.

“Who are you, anyhow?” asked Tommy, boldly.

And the Bear stood on his hinder legs, and with a sunny smile replied :

“I’m a jolly old bear,
And I haven’t a care
When I’m dining on cranberry pie.
Over hedges I vault
With a gay somersault,
When the wily fur-hunter is nigh.
Oh, my soul’s full of song,
And I’m happy as long
As the wide-blowing forest’s my lair.
With a ha, ha, ha, ha,
And a tra, la, la, la—
I’m a jolly old cinnamon bear.”

Then the Bear began to whistle a lively tune, to which he danced in a most graceful manner.

“You are certainly a very singular bear,” said Tommy.

And the Bear replied :

“I’m a singular bear, with a spirit sublime,
And the cause of my many woes
Is that I can only talk in rhyme,
And can’t say a word in prose.”

“Do you mean to say that you cannot utter anything that does not rhyme?” asked Tommy.

And the Bear said,

"I cannot utter a single
Sentence that does not jingle."

"I think I can teach you to speak in prose," said Tommy.

"How,
Now?"

asked the Bear.

"Let's hear you say just one word?"

"May
Day,"

replied the Bear.

"Say a word that does not rhyme?" said Tommy.

"I would
If I could,"

replied the Bear.

"How old are you?" asked Tommy.

And the Bear responded,

"I'll be seven upon my next birthday,
Which occurs on the twenty-fourth of May."

Tommy Hawk had seen many bears before. He had seen bears in menagerie cages, and he had seen stuffed bears in front of fur stores, and he had had toy bears carved out of wood, and he had read many stories about bears; but this chance acquaintance was altogether the queerest bear he had ever seen or heard of. The idea of a bear not only being able to talk, but being able to utter nothing but rhymes as good as any he could find in any of his nursery books!

He could scarcely realize where he was or what he was doing. He went so far as to stick a pin into him-

self to make sure that he was not dreaming. Then he said to the Bear: "My name is Tommy Hawk, and I belong to the Suppawnee tribe of Indians. Our chief's name is Forty-six Stuffed Crows. That is not his right name, though. His right name is Willie Kimberley. We are only make-believe Indians, and that is the reason I am lost. Don't you think it very sad?"

"The story's sad that you impart;
Indeed it almost breaks my heart."

As a matter of fact, Tommy Hawk knew that he had seen men perform in bear-skins at the pantomime, and he was not at all certain that this was a real bear.

Perhaps it might be some one with whom he was well acquainted masquerading in the woods, and probably acting as a decoy to attract other bears. One thing was certain: the Bear was a bear of refinement. Tommy had never heard a bear talk before, but if they all talked with the ease and grace of this particular Bear, he concluded that they must be very desirable companions.

"Are you really a bear?" asked Tommy, suddenly.
The Bear sang:

"If I am not a cinnamon bear
From my stub-tail to my cranium,
Why, then I simply must declare
The geranium's not a geranium."

"When are you happiest?" asked Tommy, who was really at a loss for something to say.

This was the bear's response:

"I'm happiest when I lightly bound
Beneath the hickory-tree;
I'm happiest when my pet cub's found
A-climbing upon my kneec.

But the thing I like such a great big bit,
That it makes me smile till I cry,
Is videlicet, namely, to wit,
As follows: cranberry pie."

"It will pretty soon be time for you to lie in a torpid state, will not it?" asked Tommy.

"I never lie in a torpid state;
When the weather waxes cool
To Waxland I fly at an awful rate—
I'm the King of Waxland's fool,"

replied the Bear, executing a lively step.

"The King of Waxland's fool?" repeated Tommy.

"The King of Waxland's fool, yes, yes—
I'm the King of Waxland's fool;
His life with merry jests I bless
On evenings soft and cool.
I make him, when he's in distress,
Like a boy let loose from school.
I'm the King of Waxland's fool, yes, yes—
I'm the King of Waxland's fool."

"Who is the King of Waxland?" asked Tommy.

"He is the King of Waxland,
And not the King of Flaxland."

"But where is Waxland?" asked Tommy.

"Just walk a bit down yonder lane, and near a spring you'll see,
Some ten feet in diameter, a waving sycamore,
And on its trunk you quickly give a rap, and you will be
Most astonished when it opens like an ordinary door.

"When the portal softly closes, and you find yourself inside,
You discover you are standing in a long and narrow aisle;

And if you will take the trouble down the same to lightly
glide,
You will shortly be in Waxland, which I think it's worth
your while.

"You will see the gay wax tapir spinning lightly on his nose;
You will see the fair wax dolphin on a silver waxen sea;
And, besides, you'll see some wonders which no mortal, I suppose,
Ever witnessed, if you'll blindly, if you'll kindly, come with
me."

"Ah, I'll be glad to go with you, good Mr. Bear,"
said Tommy, "because I am lost, and cannot find my
way home, and I am sure I shall feel happy with such
a kind, gentlemanly, refined bear as yourself."

The Bear smiled, but did not reply, and they walked
on together towards the sycamore which the Bear had
told Tommy was the entrance to Waxland. The whole
thing was so queer to the little Indian brave of the
Suppawnee tribe, that he did not know what to say
even when he felt it necessary to say something. Finally
he felt that he must say something, as he feared
that the Bear, if his mind were not diverted by pleasantries,
might become despondent, forget himself, and devour his
painted companion. At the same time, he thought that
perhaps the whole story of Waxland was a mere ruse of the
Bear's to inveigle him into his cave for the purpose of
converting him into a dinner. He fancied he could see Mr.
Bear sitting at the head of the table carving him, and Mrs.
Bear at the other end pouring the tea, and the little bears
sitting in their high chairs, with their mouths open, and
smiles of happy anticipation dripping down on their pinafores.

"Are not you often afraid you will be captured and
converted into hair grease?"

"I'll never be bear grease,
I'll never be hair grease;
I'll never be bear oil,
I'll never be hair oil,"

replied the Bear, and he forthwith executed a dance with more agility and grace than is usually seen in the ursine race.

They were now pretty near the old sycamore, and the Bear was feeling very lively, for he danced as he walked, and even when a butternut dropped and came in contact with his nose, it did not put him in an ill-humor. Turning a bend in the clearing, the sycamore appeared in sight. It was a gnarled old tree that no one would have taken for anything but an ordinary specimen, except that it was one of unusual size. When it came into the Bear's vision he seemed very happy, for he began to sing:

"Pie, pie, cranberry pie,
As red as the harvest-moon up in the sky,
As sweet as the flowers that blow in the vale,
As rich as the song of the rapt nightingale.
I would like to ride daily unto my three meals
In a chariot with cranberry pies for the wheels.
I would just like to hear the sad wind as it grieves
Through a forest with cranberry pies for the leaves.
I should feel just as gay as a mouse in a cheese
If I lived over yonder among the green trees
In a little red palace just fifty feet high,
And constructed entirely of cranberry pie.
Pie, pie, cranberry pie.
You may hunt the world low, you may hunt the world high,
But nothing can waken my rapturous sigh
In the very brief space that can cranberry pie.
Cranberry very—"

But he was cut short, for in his wild enthusiasm he unconsciously touched the magic spring of the door of

Waxland, and it flew open in his face, and struck him on the nose so hard that it gave him a sneezing fit. After it passed away, he sang,

“Oh, come with me! oh, come with me!
And merry Waxland you shall see.”

And when they entered, the door closed behind them.



They entered and the door closed behind them.

II

WHEN the door had closed, the Bear took Tommy by the hand, and they proceeded down a spiral staircase. The light was very dim, but Tommy could see that the staircase was inside a huge stick of candy, the steps running around in the red stripe and the rail in the yellow. It was the greatest stick of candy he had ever seen. It was as large around as a tree, and seemed a great deal higher, and Tommy fancied he would never reach the bottom.

The Bear held him affectionately by the hand as they descended, and when finally they got to the bottom, he said,

“This is the bottom of the stair,
As sure as I’m a cinnamon bear.”

“What do we do next, Mr. Bear?” asked Tommy.

“We cross this pond
To the bank beyond,
Then we pass through an aisle of gloom,
Till we reach the place
Where you’ll see with grace
The gay waxteria bloom.”

Then the Bear told Tommy to get on his back, which Tommy did. The Bear then proceeded to walk across the pond, which was less than a foot deep. It did

not take a great while to accomplish this, because the Bear was pretty lively. When he walked up the other bank he forgot about Tommy, and in giving himself a shake shook Tommy off on the ground. The Bear was very sorry, and apologized for his forgetfulness.

"Say silver orange?" asked Tommy.

The Bear was at a loss to understand Tommy's meaning. It seemed a queer way of accepting his abject apologies for shaking him off. But the Bear couldn't say silver orange, because nothing would rhyme with those words. It was a neat trick of Tommy's to see if he could break the Bear of the rhyming habit, and teach him to talk in prose.

"Oh, there's another bear?" said Tommy, suddenly.
"Is he a cinnamon bear too?"

•
"Oh yes, that's a cinnamon bear,
Who capers around
With his nose on the ground
While performing a jig over there.
He's a bear that can only talk prose.
A prosy old bear,
Who has never a care
From the tip of his tail to his nose."

Then the Lyric Bear introduced Tommy to the Prose Bear, and it was very refreshing to Tommy to meet an animal who could pass the time of day without dropping into rhyme.

"Ah! I am so glad to meet you," said Tommy, as he shook the Prose Bear by the paw; "but I didn't catch your name."

"Edward Persimmons," repeated the Bear; "and I am a very matter-of-fact creature, too, I can assure you. Do you know, I can see no more beauty in a tea-rose

than I can in a coffee-bean, a sugar-beet, or a milk-weed?"

"You astonish me," replied Tommy, with a tremor. "If you cannot see any beauty in a tea-rose, I fancy I shall have to feel afraid of you. Are you fond of music?"

"I am not," he replied.

"How far off is Waxland?" asked Tommy, when he had recovered from the shock.

"Oh," said the Prose Bear, thoughtfully, "it is only a short distance. I generally wait here to accompany the Lyric Bear to the palace. I have to stay here in the dark for ever so long, because when Waxland goes out in the spring and the Lyric Bear leaves, I have to remain here and suck my thumbs and wait for him to return. I tell you I am always so glad to see him that if I were not a prosy, phlegmatic bear, I should probably burst into a song and dance on first observing his pleasant face. Do you know that at the present time I am a mass of wild hilarity subdued by my natural inactivity? Do you know that I am a smouldering fire of unbounded joy yearning for a means of giving it vent?"

"No," replied Tommy. "How should I know any such thing before being told of it? Perhaps you will ask me directly if I am aware of the fact that last May your grandmother was turned into a peach pie by a wicked fairy with a green mole on his left ear, and a vest pocketful of lizards singing a Welsh sere-nade."

The Prose Bear was nonplussed at this.

"Perhaps you will ask me," continued Tommy, "if I know that your grandfather's mother-in-law used to make rolls of jelly-cake in the high hat of the giant

whose third wife was turned into a jar of pickled butternuts, for feeding guava jelly-fish to the three-cornered tomcat with the ultramarine wings."

The Prose Bear looked as though he had completely lost his senses through fright, and didn't know what to do. Finally he said: "If you say anything like that again, you will break my heart. I am not accustomed to having such things said to me on the spur of the moment, when I am not on my guard. When you think of any such weird thing again, will you have the kindness to make me aware of the fact that you will say it in ten minutes?"

"Certainly," replied Tommy.

"I am only a poor Prose Bear, and cannot, therefore, pour out the song of gratitude that is at present singing itself in my heart. I would like you to act in this way: Draw forth your watch, and say, 'Mr. Persimmons, I have conceived a horrible fancy, which I desire to express to you in my own peculiar fashion. It is now twenty-five minutes of three; at ten minutes of three be prepared.'"

"That is a very fair proposition," replied Tommy, "and I can promise faithfully to respect it, because I never again intend to disturb your peace of mind in a like manner."

"You are really a nice little boy," said the Prose Bear; "and if I may presume on a seven-minute acquaintance, I would like to make you aware of the fact that you have made a favorable impression on the old Prose Bear's heart. I would like to give you a hug."

"Oh, please don't," exclaimed Tommy, in alarm, for he had not read bear stories for nothing.

"Well, then, perhaps you will allow me to make a little friendly suggestion?"

"What is it?" asked Tommy.

"If I felt sure that it would be accepted in the kindly spirit in which it is offered—"

"It will be," broke in Tommy.

"Well, I would advise you either to wash your face or give it a fresh coat of paint. It is quite out of tone at present."

"I only put that on while playing Indian," explained Tommy, as he stooped to a little spring by the way and washed it off; "but now how am I going to dry my face?"

"Don't dry it at all. It is absurd to put water on your face for the sake of rubbing it off. Would it not be inconsistent with good sense to rush out in the fields with towels to dry the dewy flowers?"

"It would," said Tommy.

"Then let the water dry in."

"I will not argue with you any further, good Mr. Prose Bear, but will let it dry in. If water cannot hurt the delicate flowers, it cannot injure me, because—" Tommy looked suddenly about, and, in great surprise, continued, "Oh, look there!"

Both the Prose and Lyric Bears looked about.

"Are not those pansies that cover that great meadow?"

"They are," replied the Prose Bear.

Tommy looked, and feasted his eyes on the beautiful sight. The earth was perfectly blue, and seemed to throb with mellow fragrance. When the wind touched the purple, it waved to and fro like a gently rippled sea, and some white pigeons sitting on it looked like lovely full-blown lilies.

"This is the frontier of Waxland," said the Prose Bear.

"And what are the pansies for?" asked Tommy.

"They are the eyes for the wax dolls."

"And is this where they make wax dolls?"

"This is the place where the wax dolls are made," replied the Prose Bear. "Waxland is pretty much all wax. The streets are wax, the houses are wax, and the gardens are full of wax flowers."

"But how do you bears come to be here?"

"We are the agents of the bees; we dispose of the beeswax to the King of Waxland. That is the only kind of wax that does not abound here. They have wax string-beans, whose strings are waxed ends; they have sealing-wax growing in the ground in long red sticks like radishes; they have wax-candle trees, and cobbler's wax growing right on the cob—"

"Was that joke on cobbler and cob accidental?" asked Tommy.

"Frankly, it was not," replied the Prose Bear, tearfully; "but I was feeling so happy just then over the reillumination of Waxland and the return of the Lyric Bear that I couldn't control myself. But to return to the bees: we are their agents because of our natural fondness for honey. The Lyric Bear is very much of a comic toy-book bear; and as the King is fond of a joke, he has induced him to become his fool or jester. But it is a great shame to think that he cannot talk in prose. One day the Wax King ordered him to be waylaid by a party of Waxlanders, and beaten with waxteria switches, to see if he would yell anything in prose, but he screeched nothing but, 'Ow, ow, ow! wow, wow, wow!' and the King gave it up."

"What is the King's name?"

"Waxem."

“Did not I just hear you say something about the reillumination of Waxland?”

“You did,” replied the Prose Bear; “and perhaps I ought to say that Waxland is dark half the time and light the other half. There is only one day in the year, and half of that day is light, and the other half dark. During the light half, the Feast of Wax Candles, the Feast of Waxed Ends, and other celebrations take place. During the dark half all Waxland sleeps.”

“How is Waxland lighted?”

“By wax, of course,” replied the Prose Bear. “It was originally lighted by a wax moon, which used to float around about half a mile above Waxland. It was a round body full of burning wax. Its heat used to enable it to draw wax up from Waxland, and that kept it supplied with fuel.”

“But how would it go out when the darkness came?”

“Of its own accord, I suppose,” said the Prose Bear. “It would grow dimmer and dimmer every day, and then people would begin to get under cover for the night. After it went out it kept going around as usual, but of course was invisible, and simply wasted its time.”

“But how did the wax moon come to stop?” asked Tommy.

“We never knew, but suppose to this day that its draughts or air-box got shifted out of place. For all of a sudden a shower of wax started, and the wax moon began to grow smaller and smaller, until it finally looked like a white gumdrop. And all the wax settled in a great wax hollow, and is now known as the Great Wax Sea. During the day this sea is a sea of

fire, just as it was when it was a moon, and at night it is an illuminated body."

"Any man in it?" asked Tommy.

"No; only a fish: this fish used to drink the superfluous fuel it drew up, to keep the moon from slopping over. And now it swims about in the Great Wax Sea."

"What is it called?" asked Tommy.

"It is called the Wax Dolphin, because it is really a doll with fins. It also wears yellow hair and a blue dress, and sometimes walks on the Great Wax Sea, and sometimes swims along its surface as gracefully as the wind."

"But how is Waxland lighted now?" asked Tommy.

"That I would rather not tell you, because you shall soon see it lighted before your very eyes. Do you hear that whizzing sound?"

"Yes," replied Tommy. "What is it?"

"That is the Wax Tapir spinning on his nose."

"Oh yes," said Tommy, clapping his hands; "Mr. Lyric Bear told me all about the Wax Tapir, and the Wax Dolphin, too, in a neat little verse just after I met him. How long does he spin?"

"Until Waxland is pretty well lighted. His whirl wakes all the people up. Just hear how loud he is going now!"

Tommy listened, and sure enough the Wax Tapir's whirl became louder and louder, until it sounded like a saw-mill on a moaning sea-shore.

Then the Lyric Bear sang:

"When the little Wax Tapir begins
To whirl all around on his nose,
Oh, it's faster and faster he spins
As he fashions his course with his toes.

Oh, he wakes the Waxlanders from sleep,
And they rush from their pleasant repose
To observe the old Wax Tapir keep
Spinning swiftly around on his nose."

"Oh, look, look!" cried Tommy.

And as they turned they saw an excited wax populace waving their wax hats in glee against a delicate orange background.

The more the Waxlanders waved their wax hands the faster the Wax Tapir kept spinning. He would disappear down one avenue and appear on another. After he had spun through all the streets, he stopped before the palace, and spun and whirled until a wax attendant ran out and told him the King was awake, and that further whirring would be superfluous.

So the Wax Tapir jumped lightly from his nose to his feet, and ran over to join the Prose and Lyric Bears.

"I should think you would wear your nose right back to your eyes spinning in that fashion," said Tommy, after he had been introduced to the Wax Tapir.

"One would naturally draw that inference," replied the Wax Tapir, "but there is no more danger of my wearing my nose out by spinning on it than there is of your wearing your feet off to the ankles by walking on them."

Then they proceeded farther into Waxland. When they reached a beautiful wax hill they paused, and Tommy saw the most wonderful sight of his life. All the wax for miles around was dotted with little balls of fire. Tommy noticed that the ones close to him were lighted wax candles. He couldn't imagine how they ever started, and the most curious part of it all

was that as the candles continued to burn they grew higher instead of diminishing. When they got six or eight feet high, branches began to shoot from them in every direction. And from these branches other branches sprang, until each candle was a beautiful wax tree, and the flames on the branches all turned into wax flowers of every color.

III

TOMMY watched with astonishment the wonderful sights that were revealed to him as, in company with his two friends, the Prose and the Lyric Bears, he journeyed towards the Great Wax Sea. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a lot of queer-looking figures.

"Oh, what are those men doing?" he exclaimed.

"They are the hands of the wax doll factory going to work."

"Sturdy sons of Waxland soil
Going to their daily toil,"

added his poetical friend.

"I should like to see the wax doll factory," said Tommy.

"If that sight will be a boon,
You shall see it pretty soon,"

replied the Lyric Bear.

So they all started away together, and were soon at the wax doll factory. It was very curious to Tommy to see all the men at work making wax dolls. One man would make a head, and pass it to another who should put the hair on, and he in turn would give it to one who would insert the eyes and paint the pleasant smile. And so the wax doll would go from one to another until it was complete, dress and all.

Tommy was not a little astonished when he heard

the wax foreman order a lot of his wax inferiors to go forth to the frontier and gather a ton or two of eyes. Of course he alluded to the pansies that Tommy had seen, and which had been explained to him by the kindly old Prose Bear.

After they had departed with their baskets on their arms, there was quite a commotion in the eye department of the wax doll factory. One of the wax workers had got overheated, and was melted into a shapeless mass. He was running all over the floor and settling in the cracks.

But the commotion did not last long. The wax man was gathered up and put in a vessel and melted. Then the mould of a man was brought out, and the melted wax poured into it. Then it was put in cold water to harden.

"Oh, let me out, let me out!" came a voice from within.

"I guess he's all right, now," said the foreman. So the mould was taken out of the cold water and opened, when the man stepped forth, apparently as well as ever.

One of his ears was wanting, however, but that was owing to the fact that he was not all gathered from the floor. The ear was probably in the crack.

Then it was amusing to see the wax man picking the splinters and nails out of himself that had stuck to the wax and been thrown in and boiled with it. Most of them were forced to the surface in the boiling process, and he had little difficulty in removing them.

"Does this sort of thing happen very often?" asked Tommy.

"Oh yes," replied the Prose Bear; "it is not an



O. Herford

One of the waxworkers had got overheated

unusual occurrence; but sometimes curious complications arise. Not long ago a man was melted, and the only mould in the place was one for a man about twice his size. So they threw the melted man into the vessel, and then melted his brother and threw in with him. The two just filled the mould, and came out a giant, and the wives of both men claimed the giant for a husband. Each one insisted so strongly that her claim was more just than that of the other that Waxem ordered the giant to be melted and run into two smaller moulds. This was done, and each woman had her husband back. Sometimes a poor wax family will take four or five sons, melt them, and run them into a large mould, and make a man of them. On the other hand, a man may have an old grandfather depending on him. He is toothless and weary, and in his own way and every one else's. So the grandson humanely has the old man melted and run into children's moulds. One ordinary grandfather will make three ten-year-olds. That is the reason that no one ever dies in Waxland. When a man grows old he is melted and remoulded. Sometimes for crime a man is melted and left so for a number of years, after which he is restored to his family by the process of the mould."

While Tommy listened aghast to the story of people being melted, the Lyrical Bear sang:

"All the Prose Bear's said to you
Is in every detail true.
Sometimes will a man melt up
Like the sugar in your cup;
And whenever he is found
Lying melted on the ground,
He's remelted in a pot
Till he bubbles round red-hot;

Then he's poured into a mould,
Where he's left until he's cold;
Then the mould is opened wide,
When he steps forth in his pride."

The Lyric Bear's indorsement of his friend's statement convinced Tommy that it was quite true. In fact, he needed no assurance of the truth of what he had witnessed with his own eyes.

Here the Prose Bear began pulling sticks of red sealing-wax out of the ground and eating them. After he had eaten several he pulled down the limbs of a wax-candle tree, and commenced eating candles like sticks of candy.

And the Lyric Bear followed suit, and, as he did so, sang :

"We eat these waxen candles
To lighten all our cares;
So please don't dream or fancy
That we are Russian bears."

So they continued eating for quite a long while. After they had eaten the candles they proceeded to make a dessert of wax flowers, which were blowing all over the ground.

"Oh, oh!" said Tommy.

"Oh, oh, what?" asked the Prose Bear.

"Oh, oh,
How so?"

inquired the Lyric Bear.

"There's a red man. Have you wax Indians?"

"Oh no," responded the Prose Bear; "that man is simply made of red wax. We have people here of all colors. Sometimes a man is a mixture of waxes of every color."

"What is that music?" asked Tommy.

"That is the music of the King's footsteps; whenever he puts his foot on the ground, the air is filled with music. It is a way he has of announcing his approach to his subjects. The music of his walk can be heard from one end of Waxland to the other, and it is as audible at the extreme boundaries as it is here."

Tommy looked around, but could not see the King, but he could hear the music distinctly as it rippled through the air.

"Where is the King, anyhow?" asked Tommy, as he looked about for him in vain.

"We cannot tell exactly where he is," responded the Prose Bear; "he may be a hundred feet off, and he may be several miles distant. When he is close, you know, the music sounds no louder than when he is far away."

"But I think I see him," said Tommy, "down there by that wax-match shrubbery."

"Oh, here he comes, oh, here he comes,
Snapping his fingers and snapping his thumbs,"

said the Lyric Bear.

And sure enough they saw the King of Waxland coming up the hill, about half a mile away. He was waving his hands in the air as though playing on castanets, and swaying his body in time with the tune his feet played as he walked.

"Do his feet always play music?" asked Tommy.

"Always," replied the Prose Bear, "except when they are in repose. Sometimes he gives a kick in his sleep, and the music awakens him. I have frequently seen him break into a jig—a most undignified act for

one in his position—simply to drown some disagreeable noise.”

“How many tunes are there in him?” asked Tommy.

“There is a tune for every day,” replied the Prose Bear, “that his life may not become a burden to him and every one around him.”

“But why is not the Queen with him?” asked Tommy.

“Simply because she plays a different tune with each foot,” replied the Prose Bear, “and when they become mixed with the King’s tune it makes it very confusing, not to say annoying.”

“Don’t they ever walk together?” asked Tommy.

“Never,” responded the Prose Bear. “If the Queen goes out with the King, she is carried on the shoulders of half a dozen Waxlanders, because then she cannot play those tunes.”

“But how is she affected when she goes out alone?”

“She is not affected at all then, because, fortunately, she is deaf.”

By this time the King was sufficiently near to receive the salutations of the Prose and Lyric Bears, which he duly returned.

Tommy felt a little constrained and ill at ease, because he had never before been in the presence of a wax king. But the Wax King was so pleasant that Tommy soon felt pretty well acquainted with him. As he walked along, the music elicited by his feet happened to be a reel, and the Prose and Lyric Bears joined paws, and kept a short distance before him, and danced as they continued on their way. This amused the Wax King very much, and he laughed heartily, and occasionally changed the time of his steps to see if he could throw the bears out of time.

But in this he was not successful, the bears seeming to adapt their steps to any measure that he could create.

"I caught a couple of conspirators this morning," said the King.

"What was their conspiracy?" asked the Prose Bear.

"They were lying in wait to catch and melt me, and leave me in a heap on the ground."

"But that would be murder, would not it?" asked Tommy.

"No," replied the King, "it would not be murder: it would be wax annihilation, for I might lie there forever, and if they could find the mould I was cast in, one of them could melt the other and run him into it, and Waxland would never know the difference."

"And what did you do with them?"

"Had them melted and recast into wax pigs," said the King. "But how far is it to the Great Wax Sea?"

"It is less than a mile
To the Great Wax Sea;
If you think it worth while
Please to follow me,"

replied the Lyric Bear.

"I have never yet," said the King, "heard that Lyric Bear say anything that did not rhyme, and never yet did I hear him utter anything but the baldest commonplace. I love both these bears dearly, in spite of their clumsiness and brusque manners. They tell me how my other subjects, the bees, are getting along, and as I never see the bees, of course I could get no news from them. If I could only melt them (the bears) and run them into other moulds, I should be only too happy to turn them into pea-

cocks or birds, or anything that might strike their fancy."

"But bears are often melted into bear grease," replied Tommy, "and you might melt them and mix them with wax, leaving just bear grease enough to sustain life. Then you could gradually add wax until there was no bear grease left, and then you could melt them over, and cast them to suit their fancies."

"I am afraid the first melting of the bears would be attended by too great pain; and, besides, I don't believe there is any room for improvement in those bears, so they had better be left just as they stand and dance."

"There is the Great Wax Sea," said the Prose Bear.

"I don't see it," replied Tommy.

"You can't see it until after dark," said the Prose Bear, "because it used to be a moon, and it is really to-day a moon on the ground. It is always invisible in daylight; but just wait until the wax flowers begin to droop, and you will see it in all its opalescent beauty."

Then the King said, "Screech up the wax amphitheatre"

The Prose Bear began to bellow the wildest gibberish to Tommy, and the arena came forth from the ground.

After the grand ring had appeared above the ground, or rather wax, seats began to appear around the ring. The large high seat was for the King, and there was one beside him for the Queen. The Lyric Bear stood beside the Queen, and the Prose Bear beside the King during the festivities.

It was the custom of Waxland to spend the day at this place. The King only used his palace to sleep in

during the long weary six-month night. When the six-month day dawned, he was ready for a six-month day of pleasure. And he often remained here until the Wax Dolphin could be seen swimming on the Great Wax Sea, which was the signal for retiring for the night.

The King had already taken his place, and the Prose Bear stood at his side. The Lyric Bear awaited the coming of the Queen. He had not long to wait, for the faithful subjects of the King were bearing her on their shoulders, that she might not touch the ground and disturb the King's peace of mind by playing two tunes simultaneously. The only way she could play but one tune was by hopping, but this was a very tiresome method of locomotion, and the Queen preferred being carried. But when her feet touched the ground, both her tunes started up, and as they did so and she walked, she left a trail of lovely flowers behind her.

IV

WHEREVER the Queen's foot touched the ground a flower sprang immediately into bloom. For this reason she could never be lost. It would only be necessary to follow her trail of flowers. All her robes were made of flowers woven into a dainty fabric, and the flowers retained all their beauty and freshness, and the Queen looked as though she were made of the souls of flowers by the touch of a magician's wand. Notwithstanding her superb beauty and loveliness, the King stuffed his fingers into his ears as she ascended the wax staircase, and took her place beside him. The Lyric Bear stood at her elbow, with a pleasant smile that literally trickled out of his eyes. The other seats about the great ring were filled with delighted Waxlanders. Tommy stood beside the Lyric Bear and held his paw, as he, the Lyric Bear, was his guide.

Then two doors opened on one side of the ring, and the Wax Tapir came hopping out on his nose, and commenced whirling around the ring, and making the same whirring sound that he had made when awakening Waxland. He soon attained such speed that he became invisible. But if he became invisible, he certainly did not become inaudible. He seemed to turn into a circle of sound.

"What is the Wax Tapir doing that for?"

"He is waking up the wax animals," replied the

King ; "they will perform various acts for our pleasure, according to custom, as soon as they are wide awake."

"But where is the Wax Tapir now?" asked Tommy.

"He has gone out," replied the King; "that is, he has spun himself asleep, and will not awake and become visible until to-morrow morning six months hence, when it will be time to wake Waxland again. You know the Wax Tapir lets us know when it is time to arise for the day, and the Wax Dolphin when it is time to retire for the night."

"But where is the Great Wax Sea?" asked Tommy.

"The Great Wax Sea," said the King, "is situated in the middle of this great ring. There is only a track for the wax animals to run on, about twenty feet wide, extending around the outside of the sea. Of course you cannot see the Great Wax Sea, sometimes called the Moon Sea, because the light of day makes it invisible. But look!"

The doors from which the Wax Tapir had emerged opened again, and about a thousand storks filed out and bowed to the King.

Then they began running around the ring as hard as they could go. Around, around they went, increasing their speed as much as possible. Each wax stork seemed to be running as if for its life, and yet it was impossible to see which was ahead.

"What are they running for?" asked Tommy, in a mystified way.

"They are running to see who is to be the King of the wax storks," replied the King.

"But how can they find the King in that way?"

"Very simply; they are running to melt their legs off. The stork whose legs are melted off first will

make known the fact by swimming in the now invisible Moon Sea, and as soon as he touches the Moon Sea he will turn into a black swan, and the Wax Dolphin will touch his head, upon which will blaze a golden crown."

Then they turned their attention to the storks, who were still running with might and main to gain the coveted golden crown. Some wobbled sideways, because one leg had melted more than the other. And it was plain to be seen that the storks were not as tall as when they commenced, as their legs had melted off fully a foot; and they kept getting shorter and shorter, until the storks looked like turkeys with the exception of their bills.

Suddenly they all stopped.

"The race is over,
The King is found;
He's in wax clover
Because he's crowned,"

sang the Lyric Bear.

And sure enough, while the unsuccessful storks flapped their wings and screeched in acknowledgment of defeat, a beautiful shining jet-black swan floated across the bosom of the invisible Moon Sea, and when it had swum out a long distance a golden crown suddenly appeared on its head, and the spectators knew that it had been put there by the hand of the lovely but invisible Wax Dolphin.

Then the other storks rose and flew away in a great flock to have their legs renewed. Meanwhile the King Stork floated about as gracefully as a gondola, and seemed greatly pleased with its new position. But in a little while it seemed to tire of the Moon Sea, and to

long for the companionship of its old friends, for it rose from the sea, and flew away in the direction that they had taken.

When the King Stork was out of sight, Tommy wondered what was going to happen next; but he had not a great while to wait, for no sooner had the Lyric Bear made a humorous observation that it would be an injustice to him to repeat, than the doors from which the storks had come opened, and a little island, so densely covered with flowers that it seemed simply a heap of blossoms, floated out, and did not become stationary until about fifty feet in front of the King.

The island seemed to float in the air, and all admired it, even the bears, who dreamed of honey when they saw the lovely flowers; for they suggested honey, although they were simply wax.

"Whose little island is that, Mr. Prose Bear?" asked Tommy Hawk, with a look of surprise and joy.

"That is the flower bower of the Little Wax Day-maker."

"What does he do?"

"Why, he makes the days, of course; not the days of Waxland, but the days of your world."

Then the Little Wax Day-maker appeared. He was a very dainty personage, and was black, white, gray, and yellow. The black represented the dark or rainy days; the white, the snowy days of winter; the gray, the overcast, doubtful days; and the yellow, the days of perfect sunshine.

Tommy was greatly pleased with the appearance of this little wax fairy, and did not fail to praise him in the warmest terms.

Then a white bird flew out of the bank of flowers.

"That is a day of snow," said the Prose Bear, as the white bird vanished in the sky.

Then a black bird flew out.

"That is a day of pattering rain and wailing wind," remarked the Prose Bear.

"I hope that is not a Saturday, when there is no school," said Tommy.

Then out flew a white bird, followed by a gray one, and so they kept on, until three hundred and sixty-five birds had vanished in the sky.

The Prose Bear kept an account, and told Tommy just how many fine and how many rainy days he would have next year. Then a big gold bowl, fringed with lilies and roses, appeared above the flowers. The Little Wax Day-maker sat gracefully on the rim and stirred the flowers within with a long green ladle, that was really a hollyhock.

"What is he going to do now, Mr. Prose Bear?"

"He is now the Little Wax Dream-maker," replied the Prose Bear; "and he is going to make the dreams that the King and Queen are going to have to-night, which is some four or five of your months distant from the present time."

"He plucks a flower as white as snow,
Up into the air to lightly throw,
And when it turns in its flight to fall,
It will suddenly burst like a big puff-ball,
And pictures will out of that flower stream,
And they'll show us our goodly King's next dream,"

sang the Lyric Bear.

When he had ceased, the Little Wax Dream-maker tossed a great shining wax lily into the air, and as it turned to descend, it burst like a rocket, and the King

knew the dream he was going to have that night, although the night was several months off.

He could see himself as the King of the band of Head-cheese wandering over the Head-cheese Mountains, hated and despised by all his subjects. He was an unbearable tyrant, and all his subjects detested him, and longed for the time that they could chop him up and make head-cheese of him. Even the beasts hated him, and finally they agreed to put an end to him. The animals all began to chase him. An elephant was right on his track, and the King, out of breath, was making for a narrow passage-way under some trees that the elephant's girth would prevent him from passing through. But the elephant had the power to lose or gain flesh at will, so, by the time he reached the trees, instead of being a regular thick-set elephant, he was stretched out until he was a hundred feet long and no thicker than an alligator. So he flew right along after the King, whose royal robes lay on the air like a table-cloth. The King thought if he could only run up the mountain, the elephant's weight would tell on him so that he would be obliged to abandon the chase. Of course the King did not know of the elephant's power to lose flesh at will, or he would have pursued a different method. So when he started up the side of the Head-cheese Mountain he felt that he would shortly be out of his pursuer's reach. This thought was quickly dissipated when he looked around and saw the elephant reduced to the proportions of a greyhound, and coming after him like the wind.

Finally the King, in his great effort to escape, stumbled, and instead of arising and struggling on, sat perfectly still, so great was his exhaustion. And

the elephant stood still, too; for he had to catch the King flying, or not at all. The elephant could not move unless the King moved, and as soon as the King was aware of that, he continued to sit still until he could summon assistance. But before he could do so, all the land of Head-cheese came to life; that is, it was all restored to its original condition of pighood. The pigs all ran around and shrieked, because the pepper and spices of the head-cheese were in their systems, and caused them great pain. So great was this pain that they determined to avenge themselves on the King.

But they could go no nearer to him than the elephant did; and, unlike the elephant, they could not sit or lie down, because the spices and peppers kept them dancing about in ecstasies of anguish and despair. The King thought he could escape when the elephant went away to get something to eat; but in this he was mistaken. When the elephant got hungry, the head would go hopping down into the valley alone, and fill the trunk with fodder, and take it back where the body was on guard to eat it. Then the head and body would remain on guard while the legs went off to take some exercise. All the while the body would exercise itself by violently wagging the tail, which it could snap like a whip.

The King made up his mind that he would run for the palace, but found that he could not arise, because his feet were asleep, and would probably remain so for a month. So he thought he would lie down and go to sleep himself; which he did, only to have another dream that he was a tall lily growing in a deserted garden, and that his wife was another lily much whiter than himself growing on the same stem. The breezes



An elephant was right on his track.

caused them to kiss, and they were perfectly happy, wedded in the sunshine. They saw themselves reflected in each other's faces when they were bright with dew-drops, and knew that they would die together when the stalk withered, and that neither would have to mourn the other. So, when the stalk was frozen, the shock was so great that the King awoke into his first dream, and was face to face with the elephant; and so he sat until he was awakened by the whirl of the Wax Tapir.

"I have got to go through all that," said the King. "Even though I am a King, I cannot escape the dream that comes out of the Little Wax Dream-maker's flower."

Before the Prose Bear, the Lyric Bear, or Tommy Hawk could make any comments, or offer any sympathy, the Little Wax Dream-maker tossed a lovely yellow flower into the air. They all waited to see what the Queen's dream was to be. But when the flower turned to descend, it burst, and no picture came out of it.

"What does that mean?" inquired Tommy.

"It means," said the Prose Bear, "that the Queen is not going to have any dream. She is going to have the peaceful, refreshing, undisturbed sleep that closes the eyelids of the good."

The King was so provoked at the prospect of a six months' dream such as came out of the Little Wax Dream-maker's flower that the Prose Bear suggested that they ramble around Waxland for a while, in the hope of putting the King in a better humor.

"Are not we going to see the Wax Dolphin?" Tommy inquired.

"Yes," said the Prose Bear; "but she will not ap-

pear for a couple of months yet—not until darkness sets in, and the Great Wax or Moon Sea shines like a silver plain. At that time the Wax Dolphin will swim about singing a lullaby, and waving a branch of wax poppies to put all Waxland to sleep.”

Just at this moment they came upon a clump of flowers that disappeared suddenly in the ground as though drawn down by elastic strands.

V

"THOSE," said the Prose Bear, indicating with his paw the flowers whose sudden retreat from sight had attracted Tommy's attention—"those are wax sensitive plants. They are so sensitive that they can't bear to be looked at, so when any one appears they fly right into the ground, and remain there until all sounds have died away. If we were to stand here a week those sensitive plants would remain underground all the time. I once drove a lot of wax sensitive plants into the ground, and then stole softly away. They didn't hear me move off, and when I passed the spot a day or two ago they had not reappeared. They probably think I am standing there yet."

"What kind of a bird is that?" asked Tommy, as he noticed a specimen that could shoot its neck out to almost any length. It would sit on the ground and look at a wax pear growing twenty feet above; then it would gradually stretch its neck forth, and it would lengthen and lengthen until the bird's bill came in contact with the pear, which it plucked and drew back. It seemed strange where all the neck could go to. There didn't seem to be bird enough to contain it. After they had looked at it for a while the bird gradually thrust its head forth until it reached a limb some thirty feet above. It took hold of this limb with its bill, and gradually drew itself up until it sat contentedly on the tree.

This movement was so grotesque that not one of the party could refrain from laughing.

"I should feel very sorry for that bird if it should ever get a throat trouble," said Tommy; "for it would have such an awful area of throat to take care of."

They all laughed at this, and the Prose Bear asked Tommy as a personal favor not to let any such chance slip to arouse the King, as it would tend to cheer him up and make him forget the horrible dream that he was so shortly to have. Tommy promised the Prose Bear to do all in his power to amuse the King, and to try to find places in the conversation where he could wedge in a joke or a pleasantry.

Then the queer bird swung down from the limb and commenced rocking to and fro like a pendulum. Sometimes it would swing all the way around. And it stretched its neck a little, and, taking a good aim, knocked a wax monkey off another limb and frightened him half out of his wits.

The Lyric Bear seemed greatly amused at the discomfiture of the poor Wax Monkey, and at the airy way in which the bird kept swinging round and round.

"Oh, I'd rather be a donkey
In the south of sunny Spain,
Than a sugar-coated monkey
On an organ-grinder's chain."

Bang! The queer bird had lengthened his neck, and cut the Lyric Bear's rhapsody short by coming so swiftly in contact with his jaw that, before he knew it, he swallowed his smile, and looked as woe-begone as a black cat in a snow-storm. They all laughed heartily, and thought it a splendid joke on the poor Lyric Bear to have his hilarity cut short when it was

at the expense of another's suffering. And in this laugh they were joined by the Wax Monkey himself.

"What is the name of this telescopic bird?" Tommy asked.

"He has no name," said the King, "because no one has yet thought of one that fits him."

"How would the Whirlaway Bird do, on account of his great whirling powers?"

"First-rate," said the King; "we shall hereafter call him the Whirlaway Bird."

The Lyric Bear was told to announce the fact from one end of Waxland to the other, which he did in the following lines:

THE WHIRLAWAY BIRD.

"Oh, say, have you heard
Of the Whirlaway Bird?
It's a bird of the mountain and sea.
It's like rubber all through,
To which fact it is due
It can stretch till it looks round a tree.

"On the mosses it struts,
While it gathers the nuts
In the sun on the very top limbs.
Oft it whirls through the sky
With a doleful 'ki yi!'
And it never takes cold when it swims.

"Like a ball it will bound
When it lights on the ground,
Then its neck stretches forth like a staff,
Till it seems in one's eyes,
All through sudden surprise,
Like an ornithologic giraffe.

"When the night curtain drops,
Then its wild whirling stops,

And it drifts upon winglets care-free
To a slumber profound,
In its neck snugly wound,
At the top of the wild rubber-tree."

They were then attracted to the Whirlaway Bird by his increasing the speed of his revolutions to such an extent that he could be heard but not seen. Suddenly the whirring stopped, and they saw its author about two hundred feet above the tree. It had lost its grip, and was shot almost out of sight, where it spread its wings and floated swiftly away.

Just as the Whirlaway Bird had entirely disappeared Tommy shouted,

"Oh, hear the music!"

"That is the music of the wax band," said the Prose Bear. "Did you ever hear wax music before?"

"Never," replied Tommy; "and I think it very lovely in spite of its greasy sound. But what is it playing for?"

"For the wax dolls to dance to," said the Prose Bear. "They are having a holiday and a picnic."

So the whole party sat down and watched the dolls, as soon as they were near enough to gain a good view.

It was remarkable to Tommy, who had never before enjoyed the novelty of seeing wax dolls dance, to observe how gracefully they moved about. They danced on a smooth wax floor, and the wax band played in a pretty wax pagoda. No two of them were dressed alike, and they all looked so lovely that the society reporter must have been sorely puzzled to do every one justice. Although it was daytime, they had their floor surrounded by burning wax candles to justify their evening dress.

After they had danced for a long time the musicians

played a march, and each little wax gentleman doll took a pretty little wax lady doll on his arm, and they filed away from the dancing floor to the refreshment table.

The King's forthcoming dream began to weigh heavily upon him again, and the Prose Bear knew that something would have to be done very quickly to drive the impression away. So he conveyed his meaning to the Lyric Bear, who suddenly burst forth:

THE STORK.

"Oh, once we had a sleepy stork,
And he was full of songs;
We used to make his airy legs
Serve for a pair of tongs.

"He'd clean the ashes neatly up
With both his wings, and make
His bill a poker, and the coals
Red hot he'd rake and shake.

"He'd pick pins out of cracks at will
In manner strangely droll—
He'd oft eclipse a pair of shears
Biting a button-hole.

"From crannies he would often fetch
The ancient burglar rat—
Upon one foot he'd often stand,
In t'other hold his hat.

"Upon the lawn he killed himself
Through eating by mistake
The garden hose, which seemed to him
An ordinary snake."

At the conclusion the King clapped his hands with delight and the Queen smiled, although she didn't

hear a word of it. The Lyric Bear was so happy that he burst into a reel, and danced until he was footsore and weary. Completely out of breath, he sat down on the wax sward. All the rest sat down to rest while he was resting. After they were all seated, a voice came from the wax thicket. It was a sweet, musical voice, and it said, "May I come and sit down there and rest with you?"

"Certainly," they replied.

There was a gentle flutter, and a fair lithe spirit in pearly robes alighted among them. She had soft white skin and softer blue eyes, and her hair was long and golden, and had anemones and wild roses tangled in its shining meshes.

"Who are you?" asked the King, pleasantly.

"I am the Summer Wind," she replied, modestly.

"And how did you come here?" she was asked.

"I was on my way through a wood some distance from here when I fell asleep on a spray of clematis, and, while asleep, floated away from my fragrant cradle, and awoke to find myself drifting down a candy staircase. I sailed across a great sea of pansies, and finally found myself here."

"Don't you tire of wandering aimlessly about?"

"Oh, my, no; I never grow tired of my roving career; but it is not aimless. My duty is to wait on the summer all the year round. It is never summer everywhere at once, and after I blow the flowers open in one latitude I fly to a more northerly one to open the flowers there. Grow tired? Why, I don't know what it is to be weary. I laugh in the rustling tree; I sleep on the rippling waters; my play-ground is on the bosom of the ocean, and the fleecy cloud is my ship."



A fair lithe spirit in pearly robes alighled



"Where did you come from just now?" asked the King.

"I am just back from a tour of China, the land of tea-roses. I lingered there, in gardens shaded by mulberry-trees, until all the flowers were in bloom, and then I went skimming across the sea to New Mexico, gathering and dispensing spice along the way. Whenever I rested on the sea the ships had to stand still. Whenever there is a calm at sea you may know I am either dreaming or elsewhere; and when you see the trees perfectly motionless it means that I am off on some lake dancing about from one lily to another."

"There is a wax *Æolian* harp attached to the Queen's palanquin," said the Prose Bear.

The Summer Wind rose from the ground and began moving through the harp between and around the strings, and the loveliest music floated out upon the air. The gentle spirit smiled as she saw how keenly her music was appreciated. Only when she passed through the harp could it be seen that she was air, because the strings went right through her.

"I wish you would get tangled in that harp," said the King, "and never be able to get out, for then I should lead a happier life, soothed by your pensive, dreamy strains."

The Summer Wind then flew out of the harp.

"What now?" asked the King.

"I must away," said the Summer Wind, in reply—"I must away to a latitude far north of this, where many a field of flowers is waiting to be kissed into blossom. Farewell!"

Before they could say anything to the Summer Wind she had risen quite a distance above the ground,

and as she was passing away she smiled and threw a spray of white clematis to them.

"May I come over there and sit down with you?" came from another thicket.

"You may," was the unanimous reply.

In an instant a great burly, rough spirit, gray-blue in color, with icicles for hair and beard, and a sword of ice, floated in and sat down.

"Who are you?" asked the Prose Bear.

"I am the Winter Wind. I am the little gentleman that cuts your face like a country barber, and makes your ears blaze like a pair of pickled red-peppers. Whew!"

This last syllable was a gust of wind blown from his mouth to show his quality. He blew out all the burning wax candles on a tree fifty feet distant, and took all the wax feathers off a wax turkey that was on the topmost limb. The turkey was plucked as neatly as though the operation had been performed by hand.

"Oh, I tell you," continued the Winter Wind, as he drew his ice sword across his nose a few times to see that the edge was keen, "I am the old original Winter Wind! I am no small breeze or zephyr. I lift trees from the ground by the roots; I move houses miles without letting them touch the ground, and sometimes, for a joke, I blow a ship out of the water and leave it 'way up on a mountaintop." Here he ran his fingers through his icicle hair and beard. "I just do this to keep my hands cool," he explained. "I wish I had a nice refrigerator to take a sleep in. I am afraid that if I stay around here much longer I shall melt into a zephyr, and spend the rest of my days lolling about in sunny garden nooks, and be the companion of bees and butterflies."

He was then told about the Æolian harp, to take his mind off the subject of his being melted. In an instant he was going through the harp just as the Summer Wind had done. But the effect was entirely different. Instead of the gentle, dreamy music of the Summer Wind, the harp gave out the doleful wail of the Winter Wind across icy leas and through the leafless forest. The harp moaned and sobbed, until finally its strings snapped, and the surly Winter Wind rattled his icicle hair and beard and floated a short distance in the air.

"I shall be in Greenland to-night," said he, with a breath that made them all chilly, "and if I don't see you again, farewell."

He then flew far up in the air, and in a moment there was a wax snow-storm. And it was the grandest and prettiest snow-storm that Tommy had ever seen. The flakes were as large as daisies, and very much the same shape, and as they fluttered through the air the effect was very pleasant. This was owing very largely to the fact that the falling flakes were of different colors, and as they came down so thick and fast they looked like flowers of silk of the most delicate tints. Already the ground was covered, and the sight was dazzling beyond description.

"How far off is night now?" asked the King, suddenly.

"Three weeks," replied the Prose Bear.

"Then let us return to the shore of the Great Wax or Moon Sea, and await the gathering shadows and the spiritual lullaby of the Wax Dolphin."

VI

AFTER the King's command that they return to the shores of the Great Wax or Moon Sea, they all arose to obey him. At the suggestion of the Prose Bear it was decided that they should return in a different direction, as new sights would no doubt cause the King to brood less upon the subject of the dream that was now only three ordinary weeks, or fifteen Waxland minutes, distant.

So they wended their steps to the banks of the Wax River, that flowed in a circuitous course, and ended only a short distance from one end of the Great Wax Sea. As the river was only a short distance, it took little time to reach its banks. It was a lovely sight to see the little wax houses, white as snow, standing back a hundred feet or so from the river, surrounded by twinkling green fields, and canopied by cloudless blue skies. The pastoral charm of the scene was heightened by the songs of birds and the mellow murmur of the Wax River. Little wax boys were bathing in the river when they should properly have been in school preparing themselves to become respectable Waxlanders.

The music of the King's feet announced his coming, and long before he was at the riverside the banks were alive with his subjects. The King had a small floating wax palace on the river, that he might take a sail when he felt in the mood for an airing.

It was only a short time before they were on board and in the middle of the stream, sailing listlessly with the tide. As they drifted along, the wax farmers ran down to the banks to cheer, and the wax cattle looked up from their monotonous surrounding, tossed their heads in the air, and looked upon the strange sight with large-eyed wonder.

An occasional flock of sheep and a windmill appealed to the artistic sympathies of the Wax King, and Tommy himself said that he had never before seen anything imbued with and breathing such a languid spiritual beauty.

The sail was altogether too delightful and charming for description.

At length, in the distance, Tommy saw a pale, white, indistinct plain, and asked what it was.

"That," said the Prose Bear, "is the Great Wax or Moon Sea. The sun is getting low, the shadows of wax twilight are beginning to gather, and it is just gray enough to make the sea faintly visible. As it grows darker, the Moon Sea becomes brighter, until it glistens like frosted silver."

"Oh, that's the way the Moon Sea glows
When on Waxland its rays it throws;
Like wax rain strands from the bright wax sky—
Oh, give me a piece of cranberry pie."

warbled the Lyric Bear, who was simply beside himself with joy.

"Are there any fish in the Wax River?" Tommy asked.

"Oh my, yes!" replied the Prose Bear. "It is full of fish and rocks, just like any other river, except that the fish and stones are wax, but a different kind of wax from the river itself that they may not blend.

The ocean, you know, is full of sponge, but Wax River is full of sponge-cake."

"Let's get some!" exclaimed Tommy, rapturously.

A hook was lowered into the water and a lot of sponge-cake was brought up. They all ate heartily of it except Tommy. He had never tasted wax sponge-cake before, and concluded from his first experience that a fondness for it must be an acquired taste.

"Oh, we're going to run aground," said Tommy.

"Excuse me," replied the Prose Bear, with a smile; "you should say run awax."

Tommy smiled in spite of his fear. And what was his surprise to see the floating wax palace run right up the bank, and continue up one side of a hill and down the other. What surprised him most was the fact that the floating wax palace did not increase its speed going downhill. It descended the steepest declivity at precisely the same rate that it would have ascended it. And another peculiar thing was that no one in the floating wax palace ever lost his balance for a moment. The pictures on the walls did not swing, the furniture did not move, and if it were not for the windows every passenger would have believed he was sailing on the level.

"It seems very funny," Tommy said at length, "that this ship should run uphill. How does it do it?"

"With wheels," replied the Prose Bear, solemnly. "It has a number of wheels underneath that propel it on the Wax River; and although it is considered highly improper to question any of the subtle mysteries of Waxland, yet I feel justified in telling you that it is a popular belief here that the river winds the machinery up, and revolves the wheels at such a rate that they keep going for several days after the float-

ing wax palace is out of it. The best wax authorities hold this theory, which, in spite of elaboration and argument, is still only a theory and nothing more. Do I make myself quite clear to you?"

"Oh, perfectly, perfectly," said Tommy.

"That being the case," continued the Prose Bear, referring to the floating wax palace, "it keeps running right along at the same rate of speed, and I don't suppose it is possible for it to stop until it runs down like a clock; and then I don't think you can get out of it until it stops, and of course it stops abruptly."

This all seemed so strange to Tommy that he almost fancied that the old Prose Bear was simply joking. But this impression he could not continue to entertain, because the honesty imprinted on every feature of the Bear's face made it impossible to believe for a moment that he could be guilty of such a thing.

The shadows continued to gather, and in the distance the light of the Great Wax Sea could be seen reflected against the sky.

"I hope we shall be in time to see the Wax Dolphin," said Tommy.

"I don't think you will be disappointed," replied the Prose Bear. He was going to say something more, but the floating wax palace suddenly came to the shore of the Moon Sea, and went rolling down towards that part of the wax amphitheatre where the King and Queen had their royal seats.

But when the floating wax palace reached this spot it would not stop. It was plain to all that they would have to remain contented in their present situation until it came to a stand-still.

The King, seeing their predicament, ordered the floating wax palace to be sent whirling around the

roadway that bordered the Great Wax Sea—the road around which they had seen the wax storks madly race for the jewelled crown of Storkdom.

The floating wax palace kept whirling around and around, and it was truly a beautiful sight. The Great Wax Sea looked like a sheet of silver fire, which it really was. But the heat of it could not be felt except when it was touched; and certain birds, like the stork, on being crowned, could not feel the heat of it. But if that stork once returned after rising from its surface, he would be burned in an instant. For this reason the floating wax palace was not headed into the Great Wax Sea. As it was growing quite dark, they all began to listen for the lullaby of the Wax Dolphin. Presently they heard the following

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

“Come, oh, sleep, so sweet and rosy,
Close our eyelids softly now,
As the night wind shuts the posy,
When the bird is on the bough.

“Lead us to your mystic bower,
Where the soothing poppy grows,
Where bright visions brightly flower,
Shedding fragrance like a rose.

“Wave your wand, and lead us thither,
Where white lily hedges wreathe
Pleasant hills whose charms ne’er wither,
Where Æolian zephyrs breathe.

“Wave o’er us your downy tresses,
Breathe on us your breath so sweet,
And with all your coy caresses
Lead our tired and weary feet.

“Wave your hyacinthine pinion
That we all may glide away
To that roseate dominion
Where it's brighter far than day.”

As the last syllables died away like a bird song, the Wax Dolphin could be seen gliding languidly about on the bosom of the Great Wax Sea, waving a wreath of poppies. Tommy noticed the King begin to yawn, while the Queen had to rub her eyes to keep awake. The motion of the floating wax palace seemed to keep them all from falling asleep. Tommy and the two bears, not being made of wax, were, of course, not susceptible to the witcheries of the luxurious Wax Dolphin. And they enjoyed it all very much.

“What was that sound?” asked Tommy.

“It was some clumsy lop-sided bird,” said the Prose Bear, “that fell asleep and lost its balance. It may have fallen fifty feet, but it will never wake up until to-morrow morning, which is six months distant from the present moment.”

The King grew sleepier and sleepier, and so did the Queen, and the floating wax palace began to lose its speed, or, as the Prose Bear put it, “the speed was fading gradually out of the wheels.”

So they headed it for the wax palace of Waxem, and, strange as it may appear, the wheels fell asleep directly in front of the palace door.

The Queen was borne up the steps by the two bears—for every one else in Waxland was asleep—and left in her palanquin in a sumptuous bower that invited rest. When they came back to take the King to his couch, he jumped away from them and ran.

He was sound asleep, but still he ran and ran, and it was impossible to overtake him.

They could hear the music very distinctly, but that was no clew to his whereabouts, because it sounded no louder one foot off than it did at a distance of twenty miles.

"It was his dream that frightened him into a run," said the Prose Bear, "and it is my opinion that he is now running for dear life, with the elephant at his heels."

Whenever the music of his feet stopped they knew he was resting. Sometimes it would stop for a minute, and then by its time they could tell that he was redoubling his efforts to put more space between himself and the hated elephant.

"From Waxland I must take my flight,
I must depart when falls the night,"

sang the Lyric Bear.

The Prose Bear wept. "Now I have got to go back to that wax-doll eye department, and wait for you to return—a long wait of six weary months."

"'Tis even so, 'tis even so,
But why it is I hardly know,"

replied the Lyric Bear.

Then the Lyric Bear took Tommy by one hand, and the Prose Bear took him by the other, and they danced very gracefully along to the rippling melody of the King's feet.

When after a while they came near the field of pan-sies they saw the King running just as fast as he could put his feet on the ground. It was useless to try to catch him, because he would have the dream anywhere, and it would be impossible to wake him up. The Prose Bear's idea was to melt him, and remould him in the



They saw the king running as fast as he could

morning; but the Lyric Bear thought such an operation might prove injurious, so it was abandoned.

"He runs beautifully," said the Prose Bear, with admiration.

"Yes," replied Tommy; "but the race is really spoiled by not being able to see the elephant."

"There isn't any elephant," said the Prose Bear.

"Then why does the King run?"

"To get away from the elephant," replied the Prose Bear, with some asperity.

"But you just said there was no elephant," responded Tommy, timidly.

"And I say so still," said the Prose Bear. "When I say there is no elephant, I mean there is none in reality. And when I say there is an elephant, I of course allude to the elephant that the King imagines is after him, or rather the elephant that exists only in his dream."

"Thank you very much," murmured Tommy, "for your kind and lucid explanation. It is all as clear as day to me now. I trust you do not think I was trying to chaff you. To treat you with anything but the greatest politeness, Mr. Prose Bear, after the extreme kindness you have shown me would be unpardonable on my part."

"Not at all, not at all, Tommy," said the Prose Bear; "and I pray you will kindly excuse me for my seeming impoliteness. I was a little put out over the dilemma of the poor King."

At the pansy meadow Tommy and the Lyric Bear shook hands with the Prose Bear, and left him watching that beautiful wax-doll eye department.

Then the Lyric Bear took Tommy on his back, and waded across the river on the frontier of Waxland, just

as he had done on the occasion of their entrance into that wonderful domain of his Wax Majesty Waxem.

Once on the other side of the river, it was only a few steps to the winding candy staircase. Up this they ran, and were soon outside the huge sycamore entrance.

"Good-bye, good-bye, Mr. Lyric Bear," said Tommy, when the Lyric Bear had led him to the hill overlooking the house from which he had shortly before wandered as a Suppawnee Indian, only to be lost. "Good-bye, good-bye," he repeated, shaking the good Lyric Bear warmly by the hand.

And the Lyric Bear, visibly affected, replied:

"Good-bye now, and be such a good little boy
That your actions will e'er fill your mother with joy."

THE HURRISHOFFER

THE HURRISHOFFER

I



OMMY BIGGENS was about the happiest boy in all the country. His heart was as light as thistle-down, and his thoughts as merry as the songs of the birds that hopped about in the densely shaded trees of the garden. Tommy's happiness was such that he was indulgent to his little sister, and failed to take advantage of every opportunity offered to decorate her doll's face with paints; for although he had a nice little tin box full, the color of the doll's face seemed to him sufficiently true to nature, and he gave the box of paints to his sister to use in decorating shells.

And he was kind to the cat too—not only the family cat, but the cat of his next-door neighbor. Not a stone was thrown at the vagrant dog that looked imploringly at him through the fence, as though inquiring if such a thing as a bed or a bone could be given him.

Tommy's happiness was due to the fact that school had just closed for the annual summer vacation. His books were packed away in the closet for eight weeks, and Tommy was in a state of joy that would not be

anything like fully appreciated until looked back to from old age.

Tommy had won the prize offered to the boy who should stand highest in his class at the breaking up of school, and for this record he was to receive from his father a cedar canoe just large enough for one person. The canoe had been promised Tommy about the middle of the previous winter, when the snow was lying deep upon the ground, and the biting winds were moaning through the trees. Although a canoe offered no great inducement at that season, Tommy studied as hard as though a toboggan had been the coveted reward.

Great was the envy of Tommy's companions when he brought them in to see the canoe, which was lying on the back stoop, glittering with an oily polish. Tommy had never owned a canoe before, but he had paddled about in one at a small mountain lake where the family had been during the previous summer, so that there was little danger of his capsizing. A number of his companions helped him carry the frail craft back to the lake in the woods, as they were anxious to see him embark.

They all clapped their hands and waved their hats and shouted as Tommy pushed off from shore, and dipped the paddle into the water, first on one side and then on the other, and made the canoe shoot along like an arrow. He paddled up and down for some time, while his companions shouted suggestions from the shore.

Finally he told them that he would go across the lake, and paddle into the cave, the entrance of which was screened by the foliage of some birches that grew down in profusion from overhanging crags, until they



"HE TOOK HOLD OF THE BRANCHES AND PEEPED THROUGH."



dipped into the lake. No one around there had ever been prompted by curiosity to enter this cavern, and consequently no one knew anything about it. There was a story current that it had once been the hiding-place of a robber band, and that they had a sort of stair-way running up under the mountain which they had hollowed out like a snow-house. It was likewise said that there was gold hidden there in great quantities, but no one had ever seen fit to explore the place, and nothing was absolutely known to confirm the report.

So when Tommy said he was going to paddle across to the cave his companions were happy beyond measure, as they felt sure he was about to solve a long-considered mystery, and come back with a story that would be good enough to print. Besides, if he got any of the gold, he was going to buy each of the boys a canoe, a base-ball, a pair of skates, and all the candy and gingerbread he could eat for a month. His sister was also to have a new doll that could walk and wink, and when once wound up, go for eight days like a clock.

As he paddled across he could no longer hear the voices of his companions, but when he turned he could see them waving their hats on the shore. At length he reached the trees that grew down over the mouth of the cave, and placing the paddle in the bottom of the canoe, took hold of the branches, and peered through. He could see the cave, but nothing inside. It was simply a great black hole about as large as the mouth of a hog'shead. He pulled on the limbs to send the prow of the canoe up to the land, where he intended to disembark and enter the cave afoot. But, much to his surprise, the prow of the canoe came in contact with nothing, but drifted right into the cave.

Tommy lay down in the canoe, that he might not bump his head against any jagged bit of rock hanging from the roof of the cave. It was pitch-dark; even the light which had just a moment before shone through the entrance of the cavern no more glistened on the water, and when Tommy sat up and looked about him he could not even see the opening by which he had entered. He sat still for a few minutes, and then lighted a match to see where he was. He simply found himself in an underground passage that seemed to have no beginning and no end. As he was thinking of the best means of returning to the lake, he was seized with fright, for he could not tell in which direction the entrance lay, or how many times he had turned round. Again he struck a match, and as soon as it lighted up the passage-way he saw by the surrounding objects that he was moving, and that he was simply drifting on an underground river.

In his fright he had just enough presence of mind left to lie in the canoe and float along. The thing he dreaded most was the canoe being smashed on some rock, but still he knew that it would keep in the middle of the stream, in the current, and that if it did run aground, of course it would have to be in shallow water. Then the thought dawned upon him that the water might not be over a foot deep, and if that were the case he could get out and wade back with the canoe on his shoulders. He concluded that the lake emptied into the river, and that the walk or wade could not be a very long one, so he dipped his paddle into the water to find bottom. In this he was unsuccessful, and that settled the wading question.

On, on he drifted through the darkness, until he fell asleep. When he awoke, he couldn't tell how long he



"HE STEPPED ASHORE, AND PULLED THE CANOE UP AFTER HIM."

had slept, but still he was sailing along with the tide, at what rate and in what direction he knew not.

He could think of nothing that was pleasant. Every moment he thought the stream might fall in a cascade, and if he went over one of them, it would be the last of him. But there was no cataract, and the canoe kept on in the middle of the stream, running straight or serpentine; and just as he had abandoned all hope of ever seeing the light of day again, he caught a ray about a hundred feet ahead. Perhaps it would bring him out in another part of the lake from which he entered. At any rate, he would be out of the subterranean river, and that in itself was enough to look forward to. In another moment he shot out of darkness, and into a broad, placid brook that ran through a luxurious valley, surrounded by mountains that seemed to run almost straight into the air, and over which it seemed it must be impossible to climb.

The underground river seemed to be the only entrance, and Tommy felt sure that he would find nothing but animals and birds for companions. As he stepped ashore, and pulled the canoe up after him, he heard a peculiar strain of strange music, which seemed to be hummed rather than sung, and he crawled up softly to look around the corner of a rock a few yards away to get a glimpse of the vocalist.

II

As Tommy Biggens crawled up to the rock and looked around it, he was somewhat surprised. The creature that was humming the grotesque melody was a great unwieldy thing that looked like a wild beast with human intelligence. He was lead-colored, and could walk either upon four or two legs. His face was a most good-natured one, his cheeks ruddy with good living, and his eyes were soft and kindly, and seemed full of merriment, as though he was thinking over some by-gone event that pleased him.

He wore nothing but a white high hat, which, queerly enough, had a mourning band around it. This hat gave him the air of being civilized, and Tommy was a little astonished when he saw him throw the hat off with a backward jerk of the head and catch it on his tail, and then throw it back with his tail and catch it on his head. He did this several times, and his skill was so great that he could perform the feat without thinking of what he was doing.

Tommy was so astonished that he forgot to hide himself, and was seen. He attempted to get back to his canoe as rapidly as possible, but the strange animal shouted, "You needn't be afraid of me;" so Tommy stood. "Who are you, little boy?" asked the strange animal.

"I'm Tommy Biggens. Who are you?"



“‘I AM THE HURRISHOFFER,’ REPLIED THE STRANGE ANIMAL.”

"I?" replied the strange animal, laughing at the boy's ignorance. "I am the Hurrishoffer, King of this beautiful valley of Hurrishofferonia."

Then Tommy told him his adventure. The good-natured King said he was truly sorry for him, as there was no way of getting out of the valley except by the underground river, and that was impossible. He also assured him that he would be well taken care of, and that made Tommy feel a little better.

They finally came to a pool in which a fish was sunning himself very near the surface.

"Good-morning, Mr. Fish!" said Tommy, politely, thinking that as his entertainer could talk, probably the fish could also.

"There's no use talking English to that fish," observed the Hurrishoffer.

"Why not?" asked Tommy.

"Because he's a Spanish mackerel, and only understands Castilian."

While Tommy stood silent in surprise the Hurrishoffer went on, "A Welsh rabbit over the hill yonder used to recite a piece in Welsh called by a name that I can't remember, but which sounded like Irish linen being torn."

"I'd like to hear it," said Tommy.

"You never will," replied the King. "The last time he did it we killed him. Do you understand any dead languages?"

"Some," replied Tommy, hardly knowing what he said.

"I will see how much you know. We will take the opening lines of Virgil—'*Arma virumque cano*,' etc. Now, then, let me see you put that into smoked tongue."

"I can't do it," replied Tommy, with a puzzled air.

"I admire your frankness," said the King.

They walked on a little way, when Tommy noticed large bunches of fruit growing on a tree. "Are those bananas?" he asked.

"No, they're sausages. Who ever saw lavender bananas?"

"What kind of a tree is it?" asked Tommy.

"A dogwood," replied the King, with dignity.

Then he thought a moment, and anticipated Tommy by saying, "If you get off any joke on bark in connection with it, your life will be drawn speedily to a close."

"These trees must be very scarce and rare," said Tommy.

"Scarce and rare!" mused the King.

"Aren't scarce and rare alike?" asked Tommy.

"Not always," responded the King. "You like rare beef, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, how do you like scarce beef?"

Tommy was silent.

"Did you ever wear an official seal-skin cap?"

"Never."

"Were you ever in the Land of Green Cheese?"

"Never," replied Tommy.

They walked on some distance together, and finally Tommy asked, "Where are we going?"

"Home," replied the Hurrishoffer; "and you shall have a nice time in my Candy Garden and Food Orchard. But don't ask me any questions just now; it will be a pleasant little surprise for you. To-morrow will be my birthday, and all Hurrishofferonia will be on hand, and if we don't have a fine old time, then all I have to say is that I am no Hurrishoffer at all."

"How old will you be, pray, good Mr. Hurrishoffer?" asked Tommy, in great delight.

"I shall be one hundred and eighty-four. But don't call me *Mr.* Hurrishoffer; just plain Hurrishoffer, like a good little boy."

Tommy promised, and walked on with the King. Presently they met a thin young man, who looked like a stork, except that he had arms and very long hair, and a flowing purple necktie hanging down on his chest.

"Who is that singular person?" asked Tommy.

"He is my poet-laureate. He celebrates in verse all the peculiar happenings in Hurrishofferonia. He wrote a most charming ode when I celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of my birth. He also writes other pieces for his own amusement, and to entertain us on fête days."

"What pay does he get—a penny a line?"

"Oh no," responded the Hurrishoffer; "he gets a penny a word, which rate of payment gives him his name."

"And what is his name, pray?"

"His name is Penny-a-Wordsworth. Good-day, Penny-a-Wordsworth," said the Hurrishoffer. "What in the world were you laughing at so hard as we approached?"

"At a little poem I have just composed."

"Just read it to us, please."

So Penny-a-Wordsworth drew himself up proudly, and in the most artistic style read:

THE FADING MOSCOW.

"One summer we owned a moscow,
With a coat as fine as silk,
And every night and morning
She gave ten quarts of milk.

"Her horns like ivory glistened,
Her eyes were large and bright,
And she was an omelet yellow
Wherever she wasn't white.

"The funny part of the story
Is what you'd never guess:
The moscow began to dwindle,
In size grew less and less,

"Until she was even smaller
Than any new-born veal,
And we thought that if we killed her
She'd only make one meal.

"And the ten quarts night and morning,
Mentioned when I commenced,
Unto a half-pint dwindled—
A half-pint—but *condensed*."

"The idea," said the Hurrishoffer, "is that the cow, being gradually condensed in size herself, finally gave condensed milk, isn't it?"

"It is," replied the poet, meekly.

"Well, you were justified in laughing at so funny a thing. I am going to laugh at it myself as soon as I can find time."

"Is that how you appreciate humor?" inquired Tommy.

"It is just the way. When I met you I was laughing over a little poem that Penny-a-Wordsworth wrote about three years ago. It was a lovely ballad. Let's have it, please: the 'Ballad of the Kilduf and the Kindling-wood-pecker.'"

"I don't think I can recall it now."

"Oh yes, you can," said the Hurrishoffer, "if you only want to. Come, now, vaseline your memory a little, and try."



"PENNY-A-WORDSWORTH DREW HIMSELF UP PROUDLY."

Penny-a-Wordsworth, thus addressed, dropped his head on his chest, thought deeply for a moment, and recited slowly, as though afraid of forgetting the lines:

THE BALLAD OF THE KILDUF AND THE KINDLING-WOOD-
PECKER.

"At the top of a doughnut-tree lived a Kilduf
With a navy blue tail and a cardinal ruff,
And one day, as she warbled a delicate song,
Did a Kindling-wood-pecker come hopping along.

"Oh, the Kindling-wood-pecker was lavishly drest
In a violet hat and a caraway vest,
And the way that he ogled and smiled was enough
To upset the green head of the wisest kilduf.

"Come, my pretty Kilduf, be wedded to me;
I've a nice cosey castle in yon whiffle-tree;
We were meant to be mates, like a pair of kid gloves,
And as happy we'll be as two mock-turtle doves.'

"Then 'twas softly the plump little Kilduf replied,
'I have promised to be the pert Seersucker's bride,
And it useless will be for you further to woo,
So you'd best don your violet hat and go to.'

"Then the Kindling-wood-pecker was chilled to the soul
As away from the home of the Kilduf he stole,
And thereafter secured in the merciless wave
What is commonly known as a watery grave."

"Just as good as the first time I heard it," said the Hurrishoffer; "I could stand it once a month. Will you pardon me if I dance for joy on this happy occasion?"

"We will," said Tommy and Penny-a-Wordsworth.

"Thanks," said the Hurrishoffer.

Then he got on a nice soft green spot, and danced and laughed until he was completely exhausted.

III

"You must be very hungry, Tommy?" said the Hurrishoffer, when he had recovered his breath after dancing for joy.

"I am," replied the boy.

"Are you fond of cream tarts?"

"Yes."

"How do you like cream of tartar?"

"I don't know," said Tommy.

"Do you like ornithorhyncustard pie?"

"I never tasted it."

"Well, we are at the Food Orchard now, and here is everything you can desire. To start with, there is a pie-plant."

"What grows on it?"

"Pie, of course. And there's a lobster-croquette tree. See the croquettes turning red in the sun?"

"I thought lobsters were green," observed Tommy.

"They are before they're cooked; so are the lobster-croquettes before the sun cooks them. Last spring the hierophant's offspring ate a lot of green croquettes, and he was twisted so badly that we had to straighten him by a stretching process."

"Those are queer-looking leaves on the lobster-croquette tree."

"Those are buckwheat cakes," said the Hurrishoffer.

"Do you ever have croup?"

TOMMY AND THE HURRISHOPPER AT THE PLUM-PUDDING TREE.



"What has that to do with buckwheat cakes?" asked Tommy.

"Never you mind; do you ever have croup?"

"Sometimes."

"Then we'll make your couch under the ipecactus yonder."

"I hate ipecac," said Tommy.

"I suppose you do, but medicine is all right in its place—"

"Which is the drug store," broke in Tommy.

"There is a liniment bush right over there," said the Hurrishoffer, without noticing the interruption, "beside the porcupine tree just at the edge of the wall-flower hedge. This is the drug part of the garden, with the exception of the liver-pad department, which is down in yonder brook."

"You are very kind to tell me all these things," said Tommy.

"I want you to know all about Hurrishofferonia," replied the King, "from the joyful sound of the morning clarion of the kangarooster to the flavor of the rocking-horse-radish. You see that object that looks like a yellow rose?"

"Yes."

"Pluck it, and eat it."

"It is very nice indeed," said Tommy. "What is it, anyhow?"

"It is a tailor's-gooseberry tart."

"Have you any ladies'-fingers growing here?"

"None," said the Hurrishoffer, sadly; "the ladies lost all their fingers fooling around the buzz-saw-sage, which, although its motto is 'hands off,' generally takes the palm."

"That was sad; but what kind of birds are those?"

"Mandrakes and candy pullets," replied the King; "all cooked and ready to be eaten."

"I would like some plum-pudding."

"Come right with me, then, and you shall have all you want."

So they walked a little way off until they came to a plum-pudding tree, which was full of little plum-puddings, each on a plate. And then there was a spigot in the trunk of the tree, attended by a meringue-otang, which, when turned on, produced the sauce.

Tommy was soon engaged upon one, which he pronounced splendid. Then he was shown the apricot-tage-pudding tree, the dried-apple tree, the cake walk, the keep-off-the-grass-hopper, and other curiosities. He was delighted, perhaps most of all, with the stool-pigeon pot-pie. He ate until he was almost helpless, and then told the Hurrishoffer he was anxious to go into the Candy Garden.

Before the Hurrishoffer led the way he said: "When you enter the Candy Garden do not allude to the fact that there are no caramels there, because it makes me sad. Are you fond of stories?"

"Very," replied Tommy.

"Then let us sit down here on the breezy bed of furbelotus, and I will tell it you. It is an epic, and has been immortalized by Penny-a-Wordsworth in a poem entitled 'The Last of the Caramels,' which, as a literary performance, I consider the Odyssey of Hurrishofferonia. It is a long poem, finely wrought, and elaborated to the finest detail. I will tell it you briefly and simply.

"Many years ago the Candy Garden was more densely populated by the Hopscotch and Caramels than by any other of the candy races. They were almost

THE CANDY ANIMALS EXERCISING.



equal in numbers, and were very jealous of each other. To try to keep them at peace with each other, I placed Miss Chocolate Eclair, a beautiful little cake Princess, over the Candy Garden; but in spite of her they went to war. They used sticks of candy for clubs and battering-rams, and lemon drops for missiles. The war was carried on with great energy by both sides, and all sunshine and prosperity was driven out of the Candy Garden while it lasted. First the Hopscotch would gain an advantage, and then be repulsed by the Caramels, who were determined and plucky fighters. They drove each other all over the Candy Garden, and up through the Food Orchard, where one day a stray or spent Lemon Drop killed Miss Charlotte Russe, who was sitting on the Coltsfoot Rock, where the widow's weeds grow. The Lemon Drop was thrown by a Caramel, who was observed by a pudding. The Pudding was hasty, and called upon its tree to shake them all like shells upon the Caramels. This was done, and the Caramels were totally demoralized, and driven out of both the Candy Garden and Food Orchard by the Hopscotch, who took advantage of their enemy's situation, and sent them forth into the scorching sun, and kept them there until they caramelized and were absorbed by the ground."

"Oh, how dreadful!" said Tommy, "that the whole Caramel tribe should be killed in this way!"

"Alas! you who are not a Hurrishoffer cannot begin to imagine what the effect was. Will you pardon a tear or two in one who is perhaps too large to appear tender-hearted?"

"Certainly," said Tommy.

"Thanks. I will be through directly."

Then the Hurrishoffer sat down and wept like a

child; and while he wept his great body swayed to and fro with emotion. Finally he dried his eyes, and seemed himself again.

Then they went into the Candy Garden. The posts of the fence that surrounded it were huge sticks of candy, and the pickets smaller sticks, and were of every color. The paths inside were made of mosaics of molasses candy, and under some of the cough-drop arbors there were rugs and carpets of marsh-mallow and jujube paste.

It seemed queer to Tommy to breathe such sweet air—for it was all flavored with candy—and he was not a little surprised when a vagrant wind stole through the trees and shook about a peck of licorice drops into his lap. The Hurrishoffer took a great rope of molasses candy, and threw both ends over the projecting limb of a burned-almond tree, and thus improvised a swing, into which Tommy got, at his request, and was kept swinging until his feet went away up into the saccharine foliage.

"Oh, what's that noise?" asked Tommy, as he heard a sort of clatter a little way off.

"That is the clatter of the candy animals exercising."

Tommy looked down, and there, sure enough, he saw a lot of horses, cows, sheep, and ostriches galloping along in the happiest manner. They were of every color, and made a pretty spectacle as they pranced by in the rays of the rising moon.

"They are taking a little exercise before retiring," said the Hurrishoffer; "and as to-morrow is my birthday, perhaps we had better retire too, and be up early for the sport. I will make a couch for you in the shadow of the ipecactus, that you may not take croup, or be disturbed by the yowl of the night-blooming requiescat."

IV

EARLY in the morning Tommy was awakened from his slumber by the crowing of the kangarooster, and a little later the Hurrishoffer's favorite Pooh-pooh—a sort of feathered messenger—arrived, and told Tommy to prepare for a rare day's sport.

Tommy thanked the Pooh-pooh for his trouble, and the Pooh-pooh smiled pleasantly on Tommy; because Tommy loved the Hurrishoffer, who was the Pooh-pooh's dearest friend. When Tommy reached the green the Hurrishoffer insisted on his sitting beside him. All Hurrishofferonia was out, and sitting around in a great circle. The Kilduf, the Seersucker, the Welsh Rabbit, the Muscat, the Vamoose, the Redingote, the Hoarhound, the Moscow, the Black Maria, the Cinnamonkey, the Shampoodle, the Puccoon, the Ginger-snapping-turtle, the Terrapincushion, and the Official Seal made an impressive circle.

When all was in readiness Penny-a-Wordsworth arose to begin the poeting of the day with

LONG LIVE THE HURRISHOFFER.

“Oh, the Hurrishoffer is here to-day,
And that's why our hearts are light,
For the Hurrishoffer is blithe and gay,
And his jokes are always bright.

At any time he can make us laugh,
For his merry jests ne'er fail,
And he makes us roar till we break in half
When he spins his hat on his tail.

"Oh, the Hurrishoffer is good and kind—
He's a very indulgent King;
To all our faults he is simply blind,
And his praise we daily sing.
That he is the King is the greatest boast
That we make in this pleasant vale,
But oh, we admire him and love him most
When he spins his hat on his tail.

"Oh, long may the Hurrishoffer reign;
May he live ten thousand years,
And spread his merriment o'er the plain
As a salve for care and tears!
May he glad the hearts of his subjects all,
Till his name with joy they hail,
And may they just laugh till they helpless fall
When he spins his hat on his tail!"

"This style," said the Hurrishoffer, by way of illustration.

Then he arose and began spinning his white high hat on his tail, and waltzing all around the circle as he did it. He would suddenly toss the hat high in the air, and turn about and catch it as it descended, after the manner of the hat-spinning circus clown. All the time he kept roaring with laughter, and his subjects joined in until all Hurrishofferonia shook. Finally the Hurrishoffer resumed his place, out of breath, but grinning with great glee.

At that moment a queer-looking object ran into the circle dancing. It danced for something like twenty minutes, and was then asked to get out of the way.



“AND HE MAKES US ROAR TILL WE BREAK IN HALF WHEN HE SPINS HIS HAT ON HIS TAIL.”

Tommy wanted to know why it was not allowed to remain, and was told that it was because it could not stop dancing, and that dancing became rather monotonous after twenty minutes of it.

"What is it, anyhow?" asked Tommy.

"It is a thingmajig," replied the Hurrishoffer.

The Thingmajig danced out of the circle, as requested, and down through the porcupinery towards the Food Orchard, the last seen of it being its feet, which were beating the ground at a great rate.

"Oh, just look at those two animals flying across the field over there!" said Tommy. "What in the world are they?"

"They are the Redingote and Vamoose," replied the King.

But this was not a sufficient explanation for a little boy of Tommy's age. He wanted to know more, and the Hurrishoffer, seeing this, indulgently called upon Penny-a-Wordsworth for the recorded idyl; and Penny-a-Wordsworth, feeling proud and happy at being called upon to repeat one of his own performances, cheerfully responded with

THE REDINGOTE AND THE VAMOOSE.

"The Redingote sat in the hawthorn spray,
And remarked to the old Vamoose,
'Your father was naught but a clothes-horse gray,
And your mother a tailor's goose,'
When up jumped the old Vamoose, and smote
The pate of the impudent Redingote.

"The Redingote took to his heels and ran,
When he heard the Vamoose's crows:
'I'll kill you, Sir Redingote, if I can,
And full soon will the lush shad roes

With the baked verbena softly wave
'Neath the cold white moon on your nameless grave.'

"The Redingote then beame much more fleet,
All his features with fear were grim,
He wanted no flowers snowy and sweet
To be blooming on top of him.
The old Vamoose got over the ground
With the wondrous speed of the brown Hoarhound.

"Like fleet-footed sawbucks they cross the bog,
With never a moment of rest,
And they leap each stream like the lithe leap-frog
Where the gutter-snipe guards her nest;
And how long they'll run over hill and dell
Is really more than I now can tell."

"And more than any one else can," observed the Hurrishoffer, "for they have already been running twenty years. Perhaps some day the Vamoose may forget about the insult offered his parents by the impolite Redingote, and that will end it."

The idea of the Vamoose ever forgetting an insult that he had been running twenty years to wipe out of the offender struck all Hurrishofferonia as being pretty good, and they roared with laughter for several minutes.

"I have a new poem," said Penny-a-Wordsworth, rather abruptly.

"Let's have it," cried the Hurrishoffer, in great delight.

As soon as silence was restored, Penny-a-Wordsworth arose and read

THE MUSCAT AND THE BLACK MARIA.

"There was once an old woman who owned a muscat
And its smile she was happy to win.
Oh, the Muscat was brindled, uncanny, and fat;
While the woman was haggard and thin.

"Oh, the pair was together at daytime and night,
And in all weather both rainy and fair;
Oft the Muscat would spring from the floor and alight
On her head, and she never would care.

"Now one morning the Muscat fell deeply in love
With the ancient Maria that's black,
And the charmed Black Maria, just like a lone dove,
Cooed most softly and tenderly back.

"Then the Muscat, as happy as happy could be,
To pull o'er the dame's eyes the wool,
It went forth to the meadow-land's white clover sea,
And consulted the wild Irish bull.

"Quick the bull replied briefly that love was enough,
And the best thing to do, and full soon,
Was to fly to the bald-headed priest on the bluff,
'Ncath the light of the silvery moon.

"On that night they were duly and lawfully wed,
And the animals gave them a ball.
Maria some moonflowers wore on her head;
And the Muscat wore nothing at all.

"When the old woman heard it, deep stricken with woe,
Soon collapsed of pure worry and fret.
It's a long time ago, but that couple, I know,
Is existing most happily yet."

"Of course they are, because they are here to-day,"
said the Hurrishoffer. "But what comes next on the
programme?"

"The grand cavalcade of candy animals," said the
Pooh-pooh, who then rent the air with about a hundred
dismal pooh-poohs.

In response all the candy animals came forth, and
ran about, and marched up and down, executing some

wonderfully difficult figures for candy animals. This they kept up for an hour, and Tommy thought he had never seen so much in a museum or a menagerie.

"They're all here but the Bat," said the Pooh-pooh.

"What's the matter with the Bat?" inquired the Hurrishoffer.

"He has a sick-headache," replied the Pooh-pooh, "and begged off, but sent his warmest regards and congratulations, did the Bat, who is sleeping up in the base-ball tree, where—"

The Pooh-pooh paused, and looked in the direction of the underground river. All Hurrishofferonia wondered why he had discontinued his speaking so suddenly. His features denoted surprise that bordered on fear.

"Oh, something very queer
Is about to happen here,
Or I am no kioodle,"
Remarked the quaint Shampoodle.

"Oh, what do you think?" asked the Hurrishoffer.
"Has any one any advice to proffer?"

"I believe," the dried Apple-tartar said,
"That we'll get an awful battering
Before it is time to go to bed
If we don't take to requiescattering."

They all started in different directions without further ado, but the Pooh-pooh got them back when he shouted, "Here comes a strange party—all animals like Tommy."

They looked, and saw the Pooh-pooh was right, and Tommy looked only to see his father and several of his friends. They were rejoiced to see each other, as they never expected to meet again. The boys who



TOMMY AND THE POOH-POOH.

had helped Tommy take his canoe to the lake told his father that he had not been seen by them since he entered the cave, and a search was immediately commenced. When his father found running water in the cave, he had a dam built outside its mouth, thus shutting off the supply. The underground river was soon empty, and they had come through on horseback a very long distance.

As they departed homeward with Tommy, the Hurrishoffer was simply heart-broken, because he thought a great deal of Tommy, whom he regarded as a nice little boy, and Tommy liked him in return for his many kindnesses to him. He thinks seriously of visiting the Hurrishoffer again next summer with some of his companions, who are not inclined to believe in the Food Orchard and the Candy Garden.

OPOPONAX $\frac{1}{2}$



I



POPONAX the First was a very dignified and austere King who was never known to smile. It is only consistent with the undying principles of truth to say that many and various were the attempts of his subjects and ministers to throw him into a laugh, for there was a superstition among them that if his look of melancholy could once be changed into one of merriment, the ice would be broken, and he would continue to laugh, and cause sunshine and happiness to go hand in hand through the length and breadth of his great domain.

Opoponax was greatly amused at these well-meant attempts for his own happiness and that of his subjects, but his amusement never manifested itself in even the ghost of what might be termed a smile.

"Should I laugh, it would only be out of compliment," often mused Opoponax, "and that would not be consistent with my sentiment of honesty. If my face shall ever blossom with merriment it must come from the heart. Never shall I be guilty of a dishonest laugh!"

In his retinue he had two jesters—on approval. He had tried several who had been sent him with flattering recommendations, none of whom succeeded in producing the desired effect. He pronounced them all as stupid as so many swineherds, and notified each, after a trial of two days, that his services would not be required after the end of the current moon.



"IN HIS RETINUE HE HAD TWO JESTERS—ON APPROVAL."

The effect of his severe but honest strictures upon the performances of these worthy creatures was anything but soothing to their professional pride. It made them so sad in appearance that they were funnier than ever to those who had anything like a full appreciation of their efforts. One of the trial jesters was so mortified at his reception that he became despondent, and while imagining that in reality he was not funny, left the employment of the King without giving his royal master a day's notice, and apprenticed himself to an undertaker.

When a jester perpetrated a joke calculated to set the table in a roar, every one would look at the King to note its effect upon him. Should he attempt a laugh they would all be ready to roar, even if the saying did not impress them as being in the least funny. But as Opoponax never laughed, his retinue never roared; but frequently some one would titter, in a wild endeavor to suppress the laughter bubbling in his heart.

This would displease the King very much, because he really envied every man his capacity for the enjoyment of the ludicrous, and felt that while others were amused by a joke which he could not see, it simply placed him in the unhappy light of a dull, boorish person.

"Ah, what would I not give if I could but appreciate the smallest witticism?" said the King one day. "To see all about me wild with delight, and not be able to participate is what is making my beard as white as snow. Was that thing just uttered about the boot-maker's niece wearing cut-glass eyes of different colors to match her various dresses funny?"

"That is the way it struck us," replied the Prime-minister, at his left.

"It is very strange," replied Opoponax, wearily, "that I cannot see it in the same light. It strikes me as being simply a statement setting forth an absurd vanity on the part of the boot-maker's niece. But if I am wrong in my estimate, pray tell me why you didn't laugh? You admit that it was funny. Now if it was funny and you have a keen appreciation of fun, why didn't you laugh, my lords, why didn't you laugh?"

"We did not think it would be courtesy to laugh when you were silent. We did not feel warranted in manifesting the joy which you could not feel."

"You are all indeed very considerate; but you enjoyed the Tartary tarts, which I could not partake of on account of my dyspepsia. I suppose if I were to be taken sick you would all go to bed if only for the sake of being consistent!"

"Did we understand you to say you are the victim of that gnawing malady, dyspepsia?" inquired the Prime-minister, in a tone of sympathy, calculated to improve the King's spirits.

"That is what I said," responded Opoponax, with a touch of feeling; "but I am at a loss to know whether you so understood me or not, and, I must confess, I don't care."

"It's the dyspepsia! It's the dyspepsia!" murmured the Prime-minister.

"What's the dyspepsia?" demanded the King.

"It's the dyspepsia," said the Prime-minister, "that makes you incapable of enjoying a joke. Clam juice is the thing that will make the point of a joke quite clear to you by first annihilating your dyspepsia."

"Perchance I should apologize humbly to the Jester—"

The table was immediately in a roar. Even the

Jester himself could not refrain from laughing, although, like a good joker, he never laughed at his own sallies.

"What are you all laughing at?" roared Opoponax, growing red in the face.



"“CONSIDER YOUR SALARY REDUCED 50 PER CENT.!” BROKE IN THE KING, WITH GREAT FEELING.”

"At your joke about apologizing to the Court Jester."

"I did not know it was a joke," replied the King.

"That it was," replied the Prime-minister, in a warm, complimentary tone—"that it was, your Majesty, and one that I consider—"

"Consider your salary reduced 50 per cent.!" broke in the King, with great feeling.

"The King is not a fool by a long shot," mused the Jester, "but he is witty enough to be a court fool."

"To show you that no joke was intended at your expense," said Opoponax to the Jester, "I wish to humbly apologize to you for not having enjoyed and

laughed at your stories before. But in offering a word or two by way of apology, what should I say?"

"You might simply say," replied the Jester, "'Ha, ha!'"

"Ha, ha!" shouted Opoponax.

"I accept your apology," said the Jester, bowing low, "and if laughter be not natural with you, it might be acquired. I would humbly suggest, looking only to your Majesty's welfare and happiness, that when a joke is uttered you 'Ha, ha!' with all your might, and soon you will find yourself unconsciously laughing."

"What a happy idea, what a happy idea," said Opoponax, with mechanical glee, for his so-called gayety was all assumed, his face being as expressionless as that of a cabbage. "I am going conscientiously to work to follow your directions, that I may acquire a taste for fun as I long ago acquired a taste for olives."

"Favor me with another tart," said the Jester to one of the servants.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Opoponax.

But while he roared and swayed to and fro, as if unable to control himself, it was evident to all that his laughter was only attempted laughter, with no soul in it, for his face wore an expression of anxiety, as if he wondered if he was going to be congratulated upon a successful effort.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the Prime-minister.

"Then I laughed, did I?" said the King, too greatly pleased to answer the question put to him. "And was it a good, natural sort of laugh that would pass current anywhere?"

"It was very good for a beginner," replied the Prime-minister, with a diplomatic smile, "but there

was no joke to be laughed at. The Jester simply asked for a tart. Was that funny?"

"Of course it is impossible for me to say," replied Opoponax, deeply grieved. "When you know that you can distinguish a joke when you hear one, and that I cannot, you should not come to me for information on the subject. I find that when I cannot distinguish a joke, it is worse than madness for me to master the art of laughing, lest I laugh where the laugh should not come in, and perhaps destroy the spirit of some beautifully solemn occasion."

"What an unhappy condition of mind!" observed the Second Jester. "What a sad world it would be for the professional clown if all men were like our good Opoponax."

"Was that funny?" asked the King.

"It was not," replied the First Jester.

"Then I will not indulge even in a practice 'Ha, ha!'" But hold, a thought occurs to me!"

"What is it?" asked the First Jester.

"It is this: are not the rest of the company often in error when they laugh? Do not they sometimes laugh at a thing that strikes them as being funny when in reality it is not?"

"Possibly you are right," responded the First Jester, with an air of wounded professional pride; "some applaud stupidity for wit, bombast for eloquence, and platitude for poetry. The average merit of the fool is about as high as that of the philosopher, whose most elaborate theories are generally combated successfully by some other philosopher quite as eminent as himself."

"Then," said Opoponax, making an unsuccessful attempt to smile, "it is not as humiliating to remain

silent at a real joke as it is to laugh immoderately at one that may in reality be no joke at all. I think, after all, my attitude is not entirely without its merits. Can you furnish me with a sample for analysis?"

"Certainly," replied the First Jester, with a pleasant smile. "The other day I purchased a paper, and the first thing that caught my eye was 'Sport in the Woods.' Under this head followed a story of how a sportsman was eaten by a bear."

"Where's the joke?" asked Opoponax when the last laugh had died away behind the kitchen door.

"On the sportsman," replied the Jester.

"I cannot see the joke at all," replied Opoponax. "It was simply a heart-rending calamity that should be productive of tears and not laughter, especially if the unfortunate man left a large family and had no insurance on his life. Now, I propose that we put it to a vote. If it shall be decided a joke, we will all laugh; if a calamity, then we will all weep."

The vote was taken, and the First Jester carried the day unanimously.

"Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!" shouted Opoponax, with great emotion. "I laugh to show my appreciation of your appreciation; but, by the way, what do you think of my laugh?"

"To be frank with you," replied the First Jester, "it is not what I call a good honest laugh yet; in fact it is what might be termed a laugh of promise. It has volume, but it lacks soul; but you must be patient and persevere. Unfortunately there is no method by which laughter can be taught, yet at the same time I feel warranted in offering you encouragement. By energy and persistence you may yet acquire a laugh that will impress the stranger as having been born in you—

a nice, sweetly-modulated laugh, characterized by the most delicate shades of coloring. I trust my honest, outspoken manner may not cost me a reduction of salary."

"That it shall not," replied Opoponax. "If all my sage advertisers—"

"Don't you mean advisers?" asked the Second Jester.

"Thank you very much," replied Opoponax. "You have hit upon my meaning exactly. I was simply going to state that if all my sage advisers were as sage as my fools my nightly sleep would be sounder and more refreshing." Then, turning his gaze upon the First Jester, he continued, "I am going to make you a more important person in this palace. Hereafter you are to be known as my Preceptor in Laughing—first, because you understand the principles of the comic cult; and, second, because you are not afraid to tell the truth."

The First Jester bowed low in acknowledgment of so graceful a compliment, and the Prime-minister's face wore an expression that indicated the fact that he had just swallowed a mouthful of hot soup the wrong way.

"I shall be happy to enter upon the sacred duties of my new position at once," said the new Minister of Laughing, "and will begin by tying a string to the left foot of our gracious sovereign, that I may inform him of the perpetration of a joke by pulling upon the same. Then he will not undergo the humiliation of being ridiculed for laughing when I simply ask for a cup of coffee."

The King thought this an excellent idea, and submitted to the operation of having a cord fastened to

the foot of the lesser gout with becoming grace and dignity.

"Don't laugh until I pull," said the Minister of Laughing.

"'Tis well," replied the happy monarch; "but don't pull too hard."

"About like this," suggested the First Jester, who gave the cord a slight pull.

The King indulged in a slight chuckle.

"There was no joke, and you should not have chuckled," said the First Jester. "That pull was merely to show you the manner in which a joke should be made known to you."

"Pardon me," replied Opoponax, humbly. "I suppose a slight pull is to mean that you have perpetrated a delicate joke that should be enjoyed by a low chuckle, while one that requires a wild guffaw shall be accompanied by a hard, sudden jerk."

"It would doubtless be a very good code to follow, and I think it would be advisable to adopt it. But it will be impossible to give you the proper attention in the presence of all this company. What I propose is that we go out for a walk, that we may philosophize on laughter and get at its fundamental principles. I would also take you to the abode of Timothy Hay, the Laughing Farmer, for an object-lesson."

"As Timothy Hay is the name of a farm product," replied the King, with a sort of preoccupied air, "it strikes me as being a quaintly happy cognomen for an agriculturist. Upon first hearing it, I was prompted to attempt a laugh, but as you did not pull the string I refrained. I am now wholly in your hands, and, that being the case, I shall never laugh on a slack string."

"You are indeed a gratifying pupil," said the First

Jester; "and if I do not make a laugh of you in eighteen or twenty easy lessons it will be because you were not born with laughter in your soul. I believe you are as full of latent laughter as a grocer's barrel is full of effete eggs, if you will pardon so rude a simile. When your latent laughter is properly developed you will be able to go about alone without a cord, and without any fear of suffering the poignant mortification incident to laughing at a serious statement."

Opoponax attempted to smile in gratitude, but the effort was without success. He said:

"You must never deceive me by pulling the string on a serious statement. You must not remark that you think it looks like rain and then tighten the cord, just for the sake of hearing me laugh at something that is not at all funny."

The First Jester, or, rather, the Minister of Laughing, promised that he would under no consideration be guilty of such an act which, he said, would be nothing short of a misdemeanor. He would be very careful and conscientious, even to the finest details of the business in hand, and endeavor to make himself worthy of the royal confidence reposed in him. He fully realized and appreciated the importance of his commission, and would have the Second Jester accompany them, for the purpose of taking notes and making kindly suggestions.

It was suggested that they start immediately for the establishment of Timothy Hay, the Laughing Farmer. So without further ado they filed out into the hallway of the palace, where Opoponax took his crown and purple robe—the water-proof which he wore in dubious weather—off the hat-stand peg, and donned them for the journey.

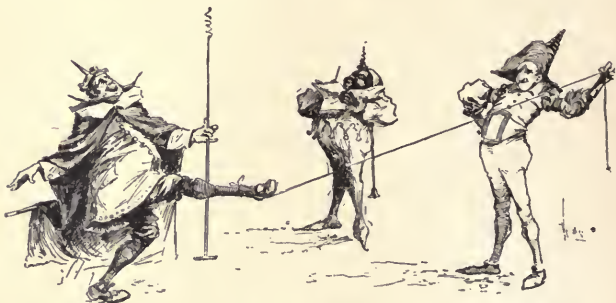
"Perchance I had best take me sceptre along to ward off the chance canine on the highway."

The First Jester pulled the string instantly.

"Must I laugh at my own utterances if you happen to think them funny?"

"You must!" replied the First Jester; "my object is to teach you to laugh. Now you will kindly laugh at what you just said about waving the highway dog off with your sceptre."

To make him realize that he was in earnest the First Jester pulled the string, and Opoponax made a violent effort to laugh, while the Second Jester looked on and took notes to be preserved for future reference.



"THE FIRST JESTER PULLED THE STRING, AND OPOPONAX MADE A VIOLENT EFFORT TO LAUGH."

"What's that you are writing about me?" asked Opoponax.

"Nothing but memoranda of your case," replied the Second Jester, "which we intend to preserve for scientific purposes. Laughter is one of the wholesomest things in the world, and we should all know everything concerning it. 'How Opoponax was Taught to

Laugh' may be the title of a volume resulting from this pleasant experience."

"Then it is well," replied Opoponax, "and I do not feel offended. When the book shall appear it will give me great pleasure to put my name down for a copy. Oh, when I learn to laugh I intend to even matters with many people who have laughed at me when they knew I was powerless to laugh back. It will also be a happy day for you, too, my good jesters."

"How so?" asked the Second Jester.

"Because," continued Opoponax, "you can work off all your old witticisms on me. I have listened to your jokes, but have never been able to enjoy them. Of course that was no fault of yours; but when you have taught me to appreciate anything funny, the jests that are ancient and so to speak white-whiskered to you will be quite new and fresh to me, and it is quite possible that you will not be obliged to invent anything in your line for several years."

And so, in the best of spirits, the three walked together in the direction of the home of Timothy Hay, the Laughing Farmer. The trees were full of singing birds, and the meadows were bathed in softest sunshine, as the three jogged gayly along, Opoponax walking ahead, the First Jester a pace or two behind, holding the string attached to the King's foot of the lesser gout, and the Second Jester still a little farther in the rear, with a lead-pencil in one hand and a book in the other, ready at a moment's notice to jot down anything that might afterwards be of historical or scientific value.

II

"If you will now have the kindness to pull the string, I shall be happy to make the attempt of my life," said Opoponax, as they turned a bend in the road.

"I should be but too happy to comply," replied the First Jester, "could I but do so conscientiously. You know I have undertaken not only to teach you the physical art of laughing, if I may so put it, but to make it clear to you when to laugh, and the things to laugh at. It would therefore be unjust to you, and inconsistent with my self-respect as a philosopher and a fool, to pull the string without cause."

"But I notice a picture yonder which strikes me as being funny, yet I think it cannot be in the least ludicrous on account of the slack string. It represents a man driving a pig. The man and the pig are connected, so to speak, by a long cord, which stretches from the hand of the man to a hinder member of the pig, who is at present filling the air with an undulate screech that loosens the jewels in my crown. Now there is that man teaching the pig to laugh, as I am being taught, and is the pig's laugh a success?"

The face of Opoponax was as cold and expressionless as a goat's eye until the First Jester gave the string a pretty hard jerk.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha—"

“‘ IS THAT MAN TEACHING THE PIG TO LAUGH, AS I AM BEING TAUGHT, AND IS THE PIG’S LAUGH A SUCCESS?’ ”





"That's enough!" replied the First Jester, "take it easy; no house was ever builded within six months of the date set by the contractor. When we can swim three strokes we can swim any distance if we have the confidence. You can already laugh three syllables pretty well; now you must be perfectly calm, and you'll soon be able to laugh gracefully. But what pleases me most is your appreciation of the comic side of the man driving the pig. Of course you did not really appreciate it, because you had to ask me if it was funny. But you at least thought it funny, and asked me if I could confirm you in that suspicion, which is an indication of progress."

Then turning to the Second Jester he told him to make a note of the entire scene, with all the details. While doing so, the First Jester complimented the King in warmest terms, and assured him that he had great hopes for his ultimate success. This unexpected compliment, which Opoponax knew to be a sincere one, would have made him smile if he had been capable of so doing. But not being able to smile he danced for joy.

"You say that this Timothy Hay, the Laughing Farmer, is really a great laugh?"

"Indeed he is," replied the First Jester. "If his turnips were as great as his laughs they would be bigger than barrels, and would have to be pulled out of the earth by horse-power."

"That is good enough to pull the string on," said the Second Jester. "Give it a pull, and don't keep the poor King in suspense. Don't you notice the worried expression of his face?"

"Excuse me," said the First Jester; "I didn't make that remark for the sake of an excuse to pull the

string. I merely wished to impress upon the mind of good Opoponax the laughing power of Timothy Hay, and the turnip simile was the first one that occurred to me. But," continued the First Jester, looking at the King, "the laughter of Timothy Hay is peculiar. He laughs at anything and everything. Tell him a hot biscuit is not as digestible as a cold one, and he will laugh until the tears roll down his face. Now, as laughter is infectious, I want you to catch it from him. Notice how he laughs, and laugh with him, without reference to the string, and you will catch the movement and spirit of his merriment, just as you catch the time and air of an operatic chorus. You hear a piece of music that makes no particular impression on you, and three weeks later, while walking along the street, without knowing how or why, you whistle that tune perfectly. Now I presume it is quite possible that, after hearing Timothy Hay laugh a few times, you may, some fine day, while signing the death-warrant of a strolling musician, unconsciously burst forth into the same kind of a laugh, and be happy ever after."

"Ah, that I may!" said Opoponax; "ah, that I may! But I trust I may never know how to laugh until I am first capable of distinguishing those things which should be laughed at from those things which should not."

The King's mind was greatly disturbed by the reflection set forth in the foregoing paragraph. In fact, he already feared the result of learning to laugh. What could be more painful than to know how but not when to laugh? Being at present unable to laugh, no one was ever offended at his silence, but, let him once learn, and he would be expected to join in on the occasion of every jest. This, he reflected, would

make him what he termed the trial dog of the kingdom. Every man with a joke would try it on him, and his life would become a burden. And, further, he would laugh at many utterances absolutely barren of merit, and his royal indorsement would give currency to many an alleged *bon mot*, and fill the country with feeble jests.

These and other equally depressing thoughts filled the mind of Opoponax as the three hobbled along the road. The Second Jester was the first to break the silence.

"Yonder is the homestead of Timothy Hay, the Laughing Farmer."

Opoponax looked in the direction in which the Second Jester pointed, and saw a small, weather-beaten hovel standing alone upon a hill, under a spreading tree.

"How sad," mused the King. "Do you suppose it looks doleful by way of contrast to the demeanor of the Laughing Farmer?"

"Very likely it does," replied the First Jester, wishing to please the King.

"I trust so," observed the King; "for then must the farmer be merry."

Here they entered the gate-way and ascended the hill, but no sooner had they gone half the distance than they met a cow that, while munching clover, appeared to be laughing. Before the King could express his great surprise at such a curious sight, the Second Jester observed, "It is possibly the result of living with this farmer, who, probably, from motives of economy, allows his herds to fatten on laughter, or, rather, to laugh and grow fat."

Bang! went the string, and the King attempted a

laugh that caused the cow to look up in startled surprise, while tears formed in her eyes. It made the King sad at heart to be regarded in this way by a cow, and he, no doubt, would have wept, had he not just at



TIMOTHY HAY'S COW.

that moment heard a peal of laughter floating over the hill, and directly after Timothy Hay appeared, shaking with merriment.

“He is probably laughing at nothing at all, and is doubtless unconscious of the very fact that he is laughing.”

“If he can laugh that way at nothing, how must he laugh at a good joke?” asked the King.

“We haven’t time to discuss that,” said the First Jester; “just you watch him, and try to join in.”

The King tried in vain. In fact, his solemn demeanor frightened Timothy Hay, who fancied his King had come to do him evil.

“I have not put water in the milk, or been guilty of a dishonest action in disposing of my produce,” began the Laughing Farmer, wishing to set the King’s mind at rest before he could accuse him of anything.

“Is that a joke?” asked the King of the First Jester.

“Oh my, no,” replied the Laughing Farmer, in an agitated tone. “It is no joke; it is the honest truth.”

“Must I laugh?” asked the King.

Here the Laughing Farmer suddenly lost control of himself, and laughed so hard and well that the King tried to join in, but suddenly checked himself with the

remark that he was not so vain and conceited as to fancy himself warranted in laughing in the presence of such an artist.

"Indeed, my good fellow, I never heard such a laugh as yours before," said the King, pleasantly.

"And I must say I never heard one like yours before," replied the Laughing Farmer, feeling happy through and through upon realizing that the King was not making him a hostile visit. "Are you out of tune?"

The First Jester gave the string a jerk, and the King made a violent attempt to obey. But it seemed to freeze the heart of the Laughing Farmer.

"Oh, suppose I should ever be able to laugh like that!" said the King. "Were you born so, or is it an after-effect of typhoid fever?"

The string was pulled again, and again the King tried to laugh, but with no better results than before.

"Would you mind telling me the meaning of that string?" asked the Laughing Farmer. "Is the King near-sighted that he should be led in this way?"



"HERE THE LAUGHING FARMER SUDDENLY LOST CONTROL OF HIMSELF, AND LAUGHED SO HARD AND WELL THAT THE KING TRIED TO JOIN IN."

The reply was a jerk on the cord and another attempt upon the part of the King to laugh heartily.

"I'm pretty well informed in the ways of men that work by the day," said the Laughing Farmer, in disgust, "but I don't know much about kings and their ways, which leads me to fancy that the work of a court jester must be a thankless task. I should think such a laugh as that would be a scorching commentary on the jest."

"You use very good language for a simple agriculturist," said the King. "Will you tell me how you acquired it?"

"From reading the circus posters on the highway fences," replied the Laughing Farmer. "For beautiful imagery, flowery simile, and silver phrase, if I may so put it, there is nothing that compares favorably with the circus poster, which, in spite of the vulgar illustrations, is an irregular poem—a limpid, purling runnel of sweetest song."

"Hereafter," said the King, "I shall be a patron of the circus, and shall abandon my habit of collecting postage-stamps and coins to become a collector of circus posters. On my return I shall cause this advertisement to be printed: 'Will exchange a rare and valuable collection of coins and postage-stamps for circus posters. For particulars address, Opoponax, Axminster Palace.' It will be an intellectual amusement, and will doubtless make me a silver-tongued orator."

"Stranger things than that have happened," said the Laughing Farmer, "and I don't see why one cannot glean wisdom from the circus poster. We are taught by the busy bee—"

"What are we taught by the busy bee?" asked the King.

"Not to take hold of him by the hinder extremity."

In response to the cord Opoponax made a desperate attempt to laugh, which resulted in tears pouring down his face.

"He is not weeping," the First Jester explained; "it is only his way of laughing."

"But I notice that you never laugh."

"On the principle that the undertaker never weeps, I never laugh," replied the First Jester. "Being a Minister of Laughing, it would be inconsistent with my professional dignity to even smile. If you knew how candy is made you would never eat it. If you knew how jokes are made then would you never laugh."

"I never thought of that before," said the Laughing Farmer; "but as sure as my name is Timothy Hay it is sound philosophy, for I can say that although I raise spring chickens I never eat them."

"You don't?"

"No; I barter them for gold, and live on beef."

"But if you don't live on the chickens you raise, your argument is a little shaky, as you must live on the beef you raise," observed the Second Jester.

"But I don't raise my beef. I buy it with the money realized from the spring chickens. You see the price of one pound of spring chicken yields two pounds of beef. But, prithee, let us abandon this commercial talk."

"If you will tell us how you learned to laugh in such a spontaneous, soulful way we will agree to dismiss the subject of business. Now, what do you laugh at when you appear to be laughing at nothing at all?" asked the King.

"At humanity," replied the Laughing Farmer. "I was sent in early life to a great city to learn a business,

and it was there that I first laughed on observing the amusing vanities of man. And as the vanities continued, so did the laugh. It is not a sinister, uncharitable laugh, for I am very fond of my fellow-man in whatever station I find him. I imagine that your inability to laugh is owing to the fact that you know little of the world and your kind. But if you will come up to the house I will show you some circus posters."

The King was delighted beyond measure at this kind invitation, as were the First and Second Jesters, and the party immediately started in the direction of the house, in the happy anticipation of a rare treat. They seated themselves around a long table, upon which the Laughing Farmer placed a great pile of circus posters of every color and description. The King regarded them with great joy, and when the others returned from the well whither they had gone for a drink, they found the King lying on his chest on the floor, with his chin resting on his hands, regarding the blue and yellow posters with childish delight. He didn't notice the reappearance of the others, and they remained silent in the enjoyment of the novel scene. "This is a clown trying to ride a trick mule," he soliloquized; "but I dare not attempt hilarity independently of the string. What beautiful language! The average prime-minister has not such a vocabulary! And what entrancing animals! Why, it is a liberal education to study the circus poster!"

Just at this time the King began to drum on the carpet with his toes, and to kick his feet in the air. The small boy of the house, never having seen a King before, didn't know exactly what to make of him; so when he entered at the back door, and saw the cord,

he thought the other end of it should be made fast to something to prevent its subject from wandering away. With this idea uppermost in his mind, he noiselessly tied the cord to the knob of the open door and went out. He had not been gone more than a minute or so when the wind blew the door shut, which tightened the cord, and the King again tried to laugh.

"There was no joke," said the First Jester, coming in; "it was only an accident."

This amused the King very much, and the Laughing Farmer was so pleased at the way in which so powerful a monarch regarded it that he said he would unfold a secret. The secret was to the effect that during the winter a circus made his farm its quarters. Out in the barn they had a practice ring, in which youthful aspirants were taught to ride and tumble, and where all the mysteries of the profession were laid bare to the observer. Opoponax wanted to know if he could drop over during the season of snow, to make a study of it. He said it would afford him keen pleasure, and he would be willing to pay liberally for the privilege. The Laughing Farmer said he would consider the matter in all its bearings, and that if he should consent it would be on condition that the King take part.

"I will hold balloons and spread the carpet in the ring if necessary," said the King. "If you don't believe me let us now go out, and I will show you how I can rake a ring."

They took him at his word, and out they went to the ring, where the King raked away like a good fellow. After he had raked the ring, he said he would like to ride around a few times and study a poster.

Accordingly a horse was brought, and the King rode around waving an orange-colored poster, and seemed as happy as a small boy with a new drum.

"Opoponax is really a very good King," laughed the Farmer, as he watched him flying around the circle,

his robe flying behind him in the air, and his crown bobbing up and down in response to the motion of the horse.



"THE KING RODE AROUND, WAVING AN ORANGE-COLORED POSTER."

"A good King," said the First Jester. "I think that is too mild a way of putting it. He is a most excellent person. He doesn't laugh at our jokes, to be sure; but then he doesn't ask us to explain them."

The horse had now stopped, and the King hopped down.

"I will show you a neat trick," said the Laughing Farmer. So he embraced the King, and away they whirled around the ring like a wheel until you couldn't tell where the King began or the Laughing Farmer ended.

The jesters were stunned at the presumption of the Laughing Farmer, and said together:

"He will surely lose his head!"

And sure enough he did, because when they stood



“WHEN THEY STOOD UP THE FARMER’S HEAD WAS ON THE KING’S SHOULDERS,
AND THE KING’S WAS ON THE FARMER’S.”



up the Farmer's head was on the King's shoulders, and the King's was on the Farmer's.

"I never heard of such a thing as this," said the King's Head. "Here I have the body and legs of a Farmer, with which I can never appear in court."

"As you are so sensitive," replied the Farmer's Head, laughing, "you had better stay on the farm, and I will run the kingdom with your legs. It will be a great change for both of us. In saying this I want to be understood as deeply regretting the change that has just occurred."

"Sir," said the King's Head, severely, "I am Opoponax the First!"

"Pardon me," replied the Farmer's Head, "you are now only Opoponax the Half. I am the other half. I think that as a king you are now, so to speak, null and void. You are better fitted for farming than I am, because you have my muscular body, with which you could not command any respect as a king. If I haven't your knowledge in my agricultural head, I can depend on a prime-minister for guidance. And in the winter you can have a grand time with the circus people. All I want is my jack-knife."

Here the Farmer's Head took the knife from the vest of the other, and went away laughing with the jesters.

"It is all right," said the King's Head. "I will remain on the farm, and allow you to have the throne; I trust you may be very happy on it, and live a long and prosperous life."

"I thank you," said the Farmer's Head, "but wish to impress upon you the fact that this peculiar change is quite as unpleasant to me as to you, and I would give anything to have you your old self again. Remove the cord, Sir Jester."

While he was untying the cord the Farmer's Head said,

"What is that peculiar pain in this left foot?"

"It is the gout," replied the King's Head, "and you must take good care of the body on account of the rheumatism. Is there anything defective about your—or rather this—my—body?"

"Nothing," replied the Farmer's Head, "that I know of. Those legs will carry you fifty miles a day, and you have what I have not."

"What, pray?"

"A pair of hands," replied the Farmer's Head, "that will always make you a living. It is now time to milk the cows and bed the horses for the night. Adieu!"

"Adieu," replied the King's Head, trying in vain to laugh, "and may you be such a great and good king that your name shall become dear to all the people, and may your fame lead the appreciative to name many race-horses and standing collars after you."

And the King's Head went to milk the cows, while the Farmer's Head departed with the jesters in the direction of Axminster Palace.

III

"PROBABLY these hands can milk cows and bed horses," observed the King's Head; "but I cannot imagine how the thing is done, because such knowledge never lodged in this cranium—"

"Mercy sakes!" broke in Timothy Hay's old mother; "what has happened to you? I recognize you as Timothy Hay by your clothing, but how came you by that head, and what kind of an airy summer hat is that you have on?"

"By a process which I cannot explain," replied the King's Head, "I became so mixed up with Timothy Hay while rolling around the circus ring that when we arose I found his head on my body and mine on his. He has gone away to rule the country, while I remain here to conduct the farm. The airy hat you speak of is a crown. How long does it take to milk a cow?"

"It depends upon how much milk the cow gives and how fast you work."

"If I but had a prime-minister or an ordinary duke I should feel all right—"

Here he was disturbed by a horse that rubbed against him.

"What, ho there, vile caitiff!" exclaimed the King's Head.

"You have no doubt been enjoying an easy life,"



“‘MERCY SAKES!’ BROKE IN TIMOTHY HAY’S OLD MOTHER; ‘WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU?’”

said Timothy Hay’s old mother, “and it will do you good to have a taste of work, while poor Timothy, who has worked all his life, will now have a happy existence.”

“If you think the King has a happy existence, all right. For my part I am not particularly sorry of the change. I am now Opoponax the Half, your son Timothy being the other 50 per cent. of the monarch.”

“Well, well! this is the queerest thing I ever heard of: one man going around with another man’s head on. Now you’re a farmer with a royal understanding, while Timothy is a king with an agricultural mind. It all seems like a dream to me. Come, and I will show you how to milk.”

The King’s Head followed her to the stable, and

she initiated him into the mysteries of milking. It was very amusing to see the King milk, after he had first hung his crown on the cow's horn. When the pail was full he carried it into the house and sat down.

"Did you milk the others?" asked Timothy Hay's old mother.

"Why should I?" asked the King's Head. "Haven't we abundance here for all our wants? How much can we drink, anyway?"

"It isn't what we can drink. But how about the butter? That is the question."

"Well, what about the butter?"

"How are we going to get butter if you don't milk all the cows?"

"Exchange chickens for it, if you must have it," said the King's Head.

"But we trade our chickens for coffee."

"Coffee is an abomination," said the King's Head; "it produces nervousness and insomnia, and should have no place on any Christian table. Exchange the chickens for butter and go without coffee, or else engage a minister of milking. Now if you will show me the ladder, I will carry the chickens up and set them on the sycamore limb for the night."

"You certainly don't know much about farming," laughed the old mother of Timothy Hay.

"How can I know it with my body?" asked the King's Head.

"Not very well. But do you know when potatoes are dropped?"

"When they are too hot to hold, I should say."

"How do you dry apples?" laughed Mrs. Hay.

"With a towel, I suppose."

Mrs. Hay then laughed long and loud; but the King's Head could not join in. He had made up his mind to do the best he could, and if everything should go wrong to secure a man who would work the place on shares, and allow him to walk around and learn by looking on; or he would sit in an easy-chair, and thus have the benefit of inspiration while observing his colleague in the act of unfolding the recondite mysteries of agriculture.

"But," said Mrs. Hay, "the man who works the place on shares will rob you of at least half the profits."

"'Tis true," observed the King's Head, "but if I run it myself we shall lose all. I would rather lan-



"IT WAS VERY AMUSING TO SEE THE KING MILK, AFTER HE HAD FIRST HUNG HIS CROWN ON THE COW'S HORN."

guish in studious idleness for a 50 per cent. interest than work like a slave for nothing. You must look at it in a sensible, matter-of-fact way. I might kill a

cow by not giving her a sufficient number of homœopathic pills in the starry midnight. How am I to know all these things at once? I wonder what makes my left shin feel so queer?"

"Timothy broke it last summer, and a sympathetic twinge occasionally thrills it."

"What is this?" asked the King's Head. He then drew forth a black object from one of the pockets, and unwound about two yards of cord from it, when out dropped a lot of hayseed and some money.

"That's what he got for the brindled calf this morning," said Mrs. Hay, as she eyed the wallet. "Now it's time to split wood for the morning."

"All right," replied the King's Head; "give me the saw."

"You don't split wood with a saw, and you know you must be down at five in the morning to start the fire."

"Is that the regular programme?" asked the King's Head.

"That's about it."

"Then there is no money in farming, and no pleasure, either. I think it would be a good idea to sell out and start a baker-shop. I have an intelligent business head, combined with a body that can lift a hundred-weight. I could carry the barrels of flour and keep the books, and you could superintend the baking. Then should I be as happy as the half king I am."

But Mrs. Hay would not listen to this. She had spent all her life on a farm, and did not care to make such a change in her old age. She said she would always be a loving, kind mother to him, and do all in her power to make his lot a happy one. She insisted on calling him Timo, which, she said, was half of

Timothy as near as she could make it; and so the poor King's Head had to make the best of it.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the farm ceased to be a paying institution. Timo never arose before nine in the morning. Even when his agricultural half was restless for the bucolic fray, his head was as sleepy as when he retired. He also demanded his breakfast in bed, and mortgaged the place that he might have chocolate and guava jelly. When the cow broke into the turnip field, he argued that she would only eat the green tops, or the foliage, as he expressed it, and thus save the ordinary labor of removing them with a knife. He would not hoe the potatoes for fear of cutting or smothering them. One day his disgust was completed when he had the rare misfortune to lose the end of one of his fingers in a hay-cutter. It was then that he denounced farming in the roundest terms, and wished to be a king once more.

"Would you not like to look upon the face of your son once more?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed, Timo; yes, indeed!" replied Mrs. Hay.

"Then we will abandon the farm and start for Axminster Palace. If Opoponax the Half will not listen to our tale of woe, my face and crown should still be of signal service to us."

"Just wait until I fix up a basketful of gingerbread and cookies to preserve us on the way."

She accordingly filled a basket with all the good things she could find, including a dried-apple pie and a bottle of cold tea, and, taking Timo by the hand, they started together in the direction of Axminster Palace.

* * * * *

When the Farmer's Head, or Opoponax the Half, started for the throne with the First and Second Jesters he was the happiest man in the land. He was quite as glad to be away from the farm as Timo was to be away from the Palace with all his cares. He laughed so hard at everything the jesters said that these worthies felt they had sinecures, providing the laughter was not ironical.

"What time do we get up at the Palace?" he asked.

"Any time," replied the jesters; "and not at all if you don't wish to."

"And can I have pie and cake at every meal?"

"Yes, and all you want of it."

"And go to all the circuses without paying?"

"Certainly you can. You can have a private circus if you want it."

Here he swayed to and fro with laughter, which was his only way of showing his appreciation of anything—funny or sad.

"I am not accustomed to walking on such delicate legs as these," said Opoponax the Half. "I fear they must have tired themselves on the way to the farm. Did they walk very fast?"

"Not very," replied the Second Jester.

"Then we must rest if we would reach the Palace to-night."

"I think it a very sensible suggestion," said the First Jester. "What say you if we drop in on Nimbleshanks the Giant? He lives in yonder cave."

"By all means, let us do it. I am extremely fond of giants, if they are all like the one belonging to the circus that I used to care for during the winter."

So over they went to the cave, where they found

Nimbleshanks sitting on a cushion with his legs crossed, and smiling a smile of supreme content.

"Good-morning," said Nimbleshanks, rising and elongating like a telescope; "have you any cigar-boxes with you?"

"We don't smoke," replied the First Jester. "But what would you with a cigar-box—make a little bird house?"

"Not exactly," replied Nimbleshanks; "I am now working away with my jig-saw, making curious castles and churches out of very thin wood, and I am a little short on cedar for the trimmings of this bracket."

"Very sorry, Mr. Nimbleshanks," said Opoponax the Half; "but what do you do with these pretty things?"

"I am making these for a fair," he replied. "The One and a Half Hospital is now in financial straits, and I am using all my skill in its interest."

"What is the One and a Half Hospital, anyhow?" asked the First Jester.

"It is a hospital," replied Nimbleshanks, "where whole orphans and half-orphans are cared for."

While Nimbleshanks sawed away in the deftest manner, Opoponax the Half said:

"You are indeed a very nice giant, and I wish you would come home with me to the Palace. I have always had an exceeding fondness for giants, and I have about made up my mind to stop collecting circus posters, and turn my attention to collecting giants. Would you have any objections to being No. 1?"

"I should be only too happy," replied Nimbleshanks, "to accompany you. Will you kindly sit there and rest while I finish this bracket?"

They did as requested, and Nimbleshanks worked

away with a will. When he had finished he called in a swineherd from an adjoining field, and sent him with all the castles and brackets to the One and a Half Hospital Fair. Then he said:

"I am now ready to start and become No. 1 in your collection of giants."

They started down the road at a brisk rate, but before they had gone far Opoponax the Half remarked,

"I am not used to these new legs yet; they are hardly broken in, and that is probably what tires me so. I fear we shall not be able to reach the Palace to-night."

Thereupon the Giant took Opoponax the Half on his back and a jester under each arm, and commenced running. They told him the road, and he never stopped until he deposited his burden on the Palace steps. All the people ran out in great alarm to learn what had happened.

"Where is the King?" they shouted.

"I'm half of him," replied the Farmer's Head.

"Where's the other half, and where's the crown?" they demanded.

The First Jester then explained all, and was told that he ought to lose his head, too.

"But I can't," replied the First Jester, "because I am the friend of Opoponax the Half."

"Oh, stop your noise," exclaimed Opoponax the Half to a haughty minister in a fluted collar, "and get out to the barn, and see to the milking, and feed the pigs!"

"He has an agricultural head and mind," explained the First Jester, "and you must all learn to like his bucolic phrase and simile."

Seeing a tall, slender page, with wavy flaxen hair,



"THEREUPON THE GIANT TOOK OPOPONAX THE HALF ON HIS BACK AND A JESTER UNDER EACH ARM, AND COMMENCED RUNNING."

Opoponax the Half addressed him as "Shears," and remarked that he would be a first-rate thing to grow lima beans on. His off-hand remarks were very distasteful to every one. He did not ingratiate himself to any extent in the estimation of another dignitary

when he asked him why he didn't wear overalls, and not be going around on week-days in his Sunday clothes. The lounges were so soft and comfortable that he was afraid to recline on them for fear he might fall asleep and never wake.

But at table that night he kept every one in a roar. He wanted nothing but johnny-cake and cookies and things of that sort, and he ate about twice as much as did the Giant. After the meal had been cleared away, he commenced reading jokes out of an old almanac and roaring with laughter. The courtiers had never before seen anything like it, and they would all have left at once had they thought they could do so without arousing the wrath of Opoponax the Half.

"At the farm," he said, "I heard the King, before we changed heads, say he was going to make a great collection of circus posters; and it was from him that I got the idea of doing the same thing. But since then, as I remarked in the cave of my dear Nimble-shanks, I have determined to collect giants. Any one who brings me a giant shall have a ticket for the next circus, if it's right in the middle of the haying season."

Many of them pretended to be overcome by the generosity of this offer, and for the sake of pleasing Opoponax the Half promised to go forth on a giant hunt and bring in as many specimens as possible.

He retired for the night at eight o'clock and was awake at four, at which hour he absent-mindedly arose and went out to look after the stock. It seemed strange to him that there was no stable about the place; and when he went back to the palace, and found no one stirring, he started the morning fire and put on a kettle of water.

"I tell you," he said to himself, "this king business

astonishes me. It's the funniest kind of work I ever had. The only thing I really like about it is the chance it gives me to collect giants. I think the old farm would suit me better if I could only indulge my weakness for giants there."

Having got the kettle on he went about the palace grumbling because his breakfast was not ready. He had an appetite that was simply agricultural in its intensity, and he sighed for buckwheat cakes and pie. "I don't suppose they have breakfast here much before dinner, so I had better go down and hunt up some cake."

Accordingly he went rummaging about the pantry shelves. A venison pasty rewarded his search, and this he took out under a tree, where he sat down and ate it in peace. The birds sang in the branches overhead, and this made him feel a little bit more at home. He sat there for an hour or so meditating on the queerness of his change, as if in a dream, when he heard some one shout:

"The King's lost! the King's lost!"

"No he isn't!" shouted the King in reply, "he never knew his whereabouts better."

"But what are you doing here?" asked the courtier.

"Just looking around a little after breakfast, that's all. What time do you feed the chickens here?"

"We don't have chickens!" said the courtier.

"Well, this is a funny sort of life anyhow, and I feel it in my bones as plain as ague that I never was cut out to be a king. I am afraid that I must ask some of you to give me a few easy lessons, or else I must send for the King's Head to advise me and help me run the thing. Two heads would be better than one, eh?"

"It would," replied the courtier, "and probably the King's Head would like to have you at this very moment to tell him the proper language to use when you want to coax a calf within reach."

"All you have to say is 'cuff, cuff, cuff!' and up walks the calf!"

"But the King's Head is not aware of that," replied the courtier, who continued, "Do you know the Giant is up and out?"

"No; where is he, No. 1, the Bracket-maker?"

"In the garden hard by."

Without offering a word of thanks for the information or apology for his abrupt departure, Opoponax the Half stood up and walked into the garden, where he saw No. 1, the Bracket-maker, sitting under a mulberry-tree in a sort of pensive reverie. The King stood behind him where he could not be seen, and as he did so the Giant vented his joy in the following merry song:

THE CHILDREN.

"I'm very fond of children small,
And they are fond of me;
I love to have them climb and fall
In laughter at my knee;
And when in silken snood or poke
I hear their prattle sweet,
I feel just like the giant oak
With flowers at its feet.

"Oh, once I was a happy child,
A perfect little lamb;
My mother fondly on me smiled,
And gave me bread and jam;
She never made me eat the crust,
So good and kind was she,
And I treat other children just
The way she treated me.

"I love the children's gentle smile
When in the sun they troop;
I love to skip the rope a while
With them, and roll the hoop;
I love to hand them ginger-cake
Beneath their parasols,
And with my shining scissors make
Them pretty paper dolls.

"To me with visions rosy-ripe
Full often they repair,
And with a little penny pipe
Blow bubbles in the air
Until we quite exhaust the soap
That generates the suds—
The children are our only hope,
The precious little buds."

"You are well worthy of being No. 1, Sir Bracket-maker, when you can sing such a song as that. I like you better than any other of these people about here, and I am going to tell them to bring in no more giants. I shall consider you my collection."

The Giant, in bowing, struck his head against the limb of a tree.

"You have a common every-day manner about you that I like, and if you are fond of children you must be all right."

The Giant blushed.

"I just wish we were back on the old farm together. I am tired of this smiling on everything I don't believe in with my honest agricultural face, and stalking around on these attenuated Sir Walter Raleigh legs."

"Your language at times shows learning not to be looked for in a farmer. I say this to compliment, not to patronize you. Where did you acquire this knowledge?"



“WHAT, HO, WITHOUT THERE, SIR KNIGHT OF THE SUSPENDER, COME HITHER!”

"Mostly from the *Fireside Cyclopædia*. An agent came around and offered it in fifty monthly parts at a very low price. The only way I could get rid of him was to take it. I also gained a respectable vocabulary from studying the circus poster, to say nothing of a mastery of that department of natural history that does with rare wild circus animals. I learned the rest by observing my fellow-man. I wonder what salary I am to be allowed for kinging this country?"

"I couldn't tell," replied the Giant. "Let's talk more about the circus."

"After this man in the crimson cloak has departed. He is probably coming to ask me to go to the blacksmith's to be measured for a crown."

"But haven't you one already?" asked the Giant.

"No," replied Opoponax the Half, "I have not. I left the crown with the King's Head to keep it awake all night. But what say you if we slip behind yon syringa, and avoid this Knight of the Suspender?"

They stepped behind the syringa, and the Knight of the Suspender passed. "Have you any little brothers and sisters?" asked Opoponax the Half.

The Giant heaved a deep sigh, and replied:

"I am an only child. Papa and mamma have been dead this many a year."

"Poor fellow, you shall have a dear, constant friend in me. Now notice the royal dignity with which I am going to summon this man."

Then he shouted,

"What, ho, without there, Sir Knight of the Suspender, come hither!"

The man came up very humbly.

"Don't scrape the ground that way like a Shanghai

rooster, but just go and have that giant order countermanded. Bracket-maker No. 1 is my only giant!"

The knight departed, and Opoponax the Half said:

"I don't like to talk of the circus too much; it wakes pleasant memories that I would forget, because a circus winters on my old farm every year. Do you think there is any way by which we could return to it?"

"I don't know; but if we could I would work for you all my life. You could manage the farm, and I would open a little kindergarten."

Just then the air was agitated by the brazen blare of a trumpet, and Opoponax the Half said:

"We will not be without hope. But let's go in; there goes the dinner-horn."

IV

OPOPONAX THE HALF was very much provoked when he learned that the trumpet he had heard was not the dinner-horn, but a signal for all hands to assemble for the giant hunt. Fanning himself with his straw hat, he said :

"There shall be no giant hunt. Nimbleshanks, otherwise Bracket-maker No. 1, is to be my only giant. But instead, now that you are all here, we will make a circus ring out in the garden, and spend the afternoon in rational fun. Procure a horse and plough!"

A horse and plough were brought, and Opoponax the Half surprised them all by the agility with which he turned up the ring.

"Get ap there!" he shouted as he applied the whip, and away the horse sped about the circle in the liveliest manner. The people about the palace were greatly shocked at this undignified proceeding, but pretended they thought it rare sport.

When the ring had been ploughed the soft earth was piled into the circle, and the whole surface raked smooth, Opoponax the Half meanwhile laughing with delight. The giant, looking on as happy as a school-boy, said :

"If we only had the jig-saw sawdust accumulated in my cave, it would be splendid for the ring."

"I never thought of the sawdust. Collect all the

sawbucks in the neighborhood, and let the knights and ministers saw in the interest of the circus ring and a good appetite."

The retinue of Opoponax the Half flew to obey the royal command, and half an hour later the garden was full of sawbucks and saws, and every one was sawing away for dear life.

"I would suggest," said Opoponax the Half to the Custodian of the Latchkeys, who was bobbing up and down like a buoy on rough water, "that you remove your velvet cloak and Valenciennes collar while you saw. I don't feel that I can afford to allow you to wear such extravagant raiment. When I was a chore-boy I was taught to be economical, and I have never been able to get over it."

"It is very hard work," replied the Custodian of the Latchkeys, blowing for breath while he hung his purple cloak on a Japan quince.

"It is hard work that makes us happy," replied Opoponax the Half. "All the happiness we have is the result of hard work. I have known country people to pick blackberries for weeks, when there was scarcely a blackberry to be found, in order to have sufficient money to purchase a ticket for the forthcoming circus. They were happy in their labor, because it was gilded by a pleasant anticipation that made it light. And the circus was the reward. While you are sawing this wood your heart should be in our circus ring. How would you like to saw wood all your life for fifty cents per day?"

"Frankly, death would be sweeter," replied the Custodian of the Latchkeys.

"If you were to do it for, say, a year, you would learn to appreciate the luxury of your present position. A



“EVERY ONE WAS SAWING AWAY FOR DEAR LIFE.”



position to be enjoyed should be appreciated at its true value, and, as I notice every one about Axminster Palace appears to be grumbling and discontented, I am going to do them all a kindness in teaching them—through experience—that they are really very well off. Now don't stand there looking at me to escape work; pitch right in and get your second wind."

The Custodian of the Latchkeys once more set to work, and while he puffed and blew as he gyrated upon an oak knot, Opoponax the Half told them all what he had just said to him of the Latchkeys, and continued:

"I am going to have a circus here every other day, and am going to introduce an industrial feature. Every dignitary has got to saw and split wood, and go through calisthenic exercises with pails of coal and water instead of dumb-bells. I am going to have you groom horses in the ring, and milk cows that won't stand still. I am going to have you do every kind of disagreeable work I can think of for quite a while—I won't say how long—and allow you only the commonest food, and beds hard enough to give you rheumatism."

The ministers were completely undone when they heard this, and it is quite likely they would all have resigned their positions had they dared.

When they had wheeled all the sawdust into the ring, and everything was ready, he ordered them to race around it, each one carrying a heavy jagged stone. Some dropped, and others fell over them. Then he arranged two ladders in triangular fashion, and compelled them, each with an armful of bed-slats, to run up one side and down the other in Indian file. It was very amusing to see the slats slip this way and that.

"That is enough for to-day," said Opoponax the Half.

"Now you are to have a dinner of cold corned beef and dry bread so hard that you will do your teeth a kindness by resorting to nut-crackers. And then to bed on a couch of rippling lumps, and you will be on the highroad to happiness."

In a few hours they were all in bed, and then Opoponax the Half said to the Giant:

"When I left the farm I did not forget to bring along a goodly supply of circus posters, and with these I am going to decorate the walls of my room, that they may be the first thing to greet my gaze when I wake in the morning. As you have a long reach you can make a step-ladder superfluous."

Nimbleshanks was only too glad to be of service, and they immediately repaired to the luxurious sleeping apartment.

"We must arrange them artistically," said the King. "We must put the wild quadrupeds together on this wall, the fishes on this side, the horses over there, and human beings here, taking great pains to keep the inhabitants of each country together."

"You have now filled the four walls. How about the birds?"

"They can go on the ceiling as if flying," replied the King.

"These rooms are very small," said the Giant, turning the subject when a thought of his own comfort occurred to him, "and I suppose, as I have been in the habit of living in a cave, you intend to relegate me to the cellar."

"Not at all, not at all!" replied Opoponax the Half, laughing louder than he had before laughed since becoming a king. "If it comes to the worst, we can accommodate your length by giving you the hall up-

stairs. That would be a sort of hall bedroom, wouldn't it?"

The Giant, never having lived in the city, did not enjoy this joke to any extent, but laughed out of compliment, and to this day Opoponax the Half doubtless thinks his merry jest was taken at its face value.

"We had better put this papering work off till to-morrow," said Opoponax the Half.

"I am not in the least fatigued, if you are not," replied the Giant.

"But I am," said Opoponax the Half.

"Then I am, too," replied the Giant.

"But it is not because of my fatigue that I postpone the work," said Opoponax the Half. "I want to do it in the daylight for the sake of harmony and effect in color. I am not an artist in any sense, but in the matter of color I have a keen appreciation of circus values."

In the morning Opoponax the Half and the Giant were down bright and early, but the rest slept until eleven. When they appeared they said they had never rested so comfortably before, as they slumbered from the time they touched the pillows.

"The rosy blessing of sleep," said Opoponax the Half, "was all owing to the work you did yesterday. You slept better on lumpy beds than formerly on couches of softest down. It should satisfy you that my theory is sound, and that by forcing you to follow it I may yet make you happy. It is no pleasure, I can assure you, to see you suffer; but I know that through suffering more is learned than through opulent idleness. You see yon stone-wall?"

"Yes," they all replied.

"Pitch right in, and carry it over here, and reset it in an outer side circle about the ring."

They went at their work reluctantly, because many of them were so stiff and sore that they were walking around bent half-way over, being unable to get out of the positions in which they slept. While they were plodding away, Opoponax the Half said:

"How would you like to be at your ordinary duties now?"

When they heard these balmy words they dropped the stones they were carrying, ran up to Opoponax the Half, and replied, in chorus:

"What a boon it would be, what a boon it would be, what a boon—"

"It will be a thousand-fold greater boon," broke in Opoponax the Half, "after I have worked you this way about a month or so longer. Now go at the stone wall again, and hurry up, that you may get at the splitting of the winter's firewood before the curfew."

"What say you, Sir Bracket-maker No. 1, if we hie us to the Palace, and proceed with our work of circus-postering my room?"

The Giant thought it would be a splendid idea, as his heart was in it. So Opoponax the Half cautioned his retinue not to praise in their work a minute before the dinner-hour, and then went to the royal kitchen and made a pailful of paste of flour and water, after which he proceeded to his sleeping apartment with the Giant. The latter was overcome with joy when he saw the beautiful posters. He stood in a sort of helpless reverie, and went into raptures over the vivid colors.

"Should I ever have to start a kindergarten to render you assistance, I intend to paper it just in this

way, that the children may be amused and instructed at the same time. They could thus be taught color values, natural history, and, by alluding to the countries from which the animals come, a geographical feature might be worked in. Besides, they would be splendid subjects for the drawing-class."

"Beautiful, beautiful!" exclaimed Opoponax the Half, clapping his hands and laughing. "I am glad that there is at least one in this cold world that is in sympathy with me in my mad glad circus love. But how shall we arrange them?"

The Giant looked the posters over carefully, and having concluded the order in which they should be arranged, sang as in a dream, while he pointed with his forefinger:

"The Bengal tiger here,
The ostrich over there,
And by the cats in soldier hats
The elk with shaggy hair.
We'll put the spouting whale,
That gives the whaler combat,
Beside the ape without a tail,
Just underneath the wombat.

The pard with frenzied eye
And angry tail erect,
Above yon chair, and near the bear,
Will make a fine effect.
We'll place this hairless sheep
That eats the ruta-baga,
Below the sloth so sound asleep
To flank the lively quagga.

"Above the albatross
The wild-eyed Hottentot
Must watch the gnu and kangaroo
And lazy hippopot.

The scarlet parrot must
Be near the beryl monkey,
And here the clown that in the dust
Commingles with the donkey."

"I like the arrangement very much," said Opoponax the Half, "and I most cheerfully adopt it."

They then set to work, and in an hour's time had the room most gorgeously decorated. And they were both so beside themselves with joy that they fairly danced.

"I am so happy that I almost forget I am a king!" exclaimed Opoponax the Half. "But let's to the garden and see how the lordly vassals are progressing."

He was so pleased on observing the amount of labor they had performed that he allowed them half an hour to play after dinner, and ordered an itinerant candy woman to regale each and every one with ten cents' worth of marshmallow drops at the expense of the Government.

And so the days passed softly and merrily on until a month had expired, and all the ministers, secretaries, and custodians of this thing or that were worked into skeletons, and were altogether too small for their clothing. Then Opoponax the Half told them that if they thought they had been sufficiently educated by toil to appreciate prosperity and ease they might resume their exalted positions of dignity and trust. To say they were jubilant would not be doing their feelings justice. They scampered about like so many children on the last day of school. And their duties, they said, were simply fun. They were willing to do night-work without extra pay or supper-money. And what is more, they were never known to grumble again, but were always cheerful, and in the best of spirits.



“HOW ARE THINGS AT THE FARM?”

Several weeks later, when they were all out in the garden playing circus, some one shouted,

"Here comes an old farmer with a crowned king's head, and accompanied by an ancient dame."

"This is Timo—half of Timothy Hay," said Mrs. Hay, who was delighted unto tears at once more seeing the face of her son. "I am very tired, and would like a cup of tea."

"Bring the tea right out here," said Opoponax the Half, who was so glad to see his mother that he didn't know what to do—"bring the tea right out here, and bring plenty of it!"

While Mrs. Hay was rapturously sipping the tea, Opoponax the Half sat beside Timo, and asked:

"How are things at the farm? How is old Brindle, and Musta, the Arabian steed presented me by the circus?"

"Everything is all wrong," replied Timo. "I broke the tongs pulling up turnips with them, and, to make a long story short, the place is a wreck. The sheriff is expected in two weeks, and I have come with your mother for pecuniary assistance. How do you like being a king?"

"Not at all," said Opoponax the Half. "I am as much undone as you are. In fact, I have to play circus to forget my sorrow."

While they consoled each other with many a sad "alas," the Custodian of the Latchkeys proposed that Opoponax the Half and Timo roll around the ring a few times to show them how they came to change heads. Every one shouted for them to begin, and neither was in a mood to refuse so slight a request. So they got the proper grip, and went around like a wheel, increasing their speed until, as on a former

occasion, no one could tell just where Opoponax the Half began and Timo terminated.

When they arose they had again changed heads, and before the principals or the onlookers could express their surprise, the Giant sang,

"What funny things are these
That on our visions burst?
He's Timothy Hay, and he's
Opoponax the First."

And so it was.

"All is well," said Timothy Hay, "for both of us are happier. I am the light-hearted agriculturist of yore, and he is again the merry monarch."

There was great rejoicing on all sides, and after the excitement subsided, Opoponax the First said:

"May I come to visit you next winter, when the circus arrives?"

"Indeed, you may," replied Timothy Hay; "but if you have wrecked the farm, you should redeem it for me, that we may enjoy the circus together."

"It shall be done instanter," said the King.

He thereupon gave Timothy Hay a purse containing more gold than he had come to ask for himself.

"I must away, to be home in time for the milking," said Timothy. "We have both learned one grand lesson, and that is that we can only shine in the sphere of life intended for us, be it great or humble; but I miss the end from one of my fingers!"

"I lost that in the hay-cutter," said Opoponax the First, "and wish to humbly apologize for my carelessness."

"Don't mention it," replied Timothy. "Accidents cannot be avoided, but your anatomy is complete. Come, Sir Bracket-maker, No. 1, we must away."

“HE THEREUPON GAVE TIMOTHY HAY A PURSE CONTAINING MORE GOLD THAN HE HAD COME TO ASK FOR HIMSELF.”



They bade Opoponax the First and his retinue an affectionate farewell, and started on their journey.

When at the gate, Opoponax shouted,

“Don’t forget to let me know when the circus arrives for the winter!”

Timothy Hay promised, at the top of his voice, to let him know, and then the Giant took Mrs. Hay on one arm, and Timothy on the other, to gain time, and started for the farm on a trot. As he jogged along he burst into song, probably to mark time, and this is what he sang :

“We’ll lead a happy life,
We’ll ever be together,
Although it blow, or madly snow,
Or sunny be the weather.
Beneath one humble roof
We’ll know a cheery shelter,
And from our door drive care before
Our boot-toe helter-skelter.

“Our lives will be as light
As morning’s dewy flowers,
And Happiness will smiling bless
The never-lagging hours.
At breakfast, when the sun’s
The far east’s rosy tinger,
We’ll fondly sigh o’er apple-pie,
And cake composed of ginger.

“We’ll sing our daily song:
‘Begone, dark clouds, to Yeddo!’
And watch the cows demurely browse
Within the shining meadow.
Light-hearted will we be
As mated wren or marten,
And if for gold our days grow cold
I’ll start a kindergarten.”

It only remains to be said, in conclusion, that, although Opoponax the First reigned long and well, and was an ideally happy king, he never learned to laugh.



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